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Letter from Hungary

ISTVAN MAGYAR

► "MAIL FOR YOU"—On the envelope my landlord hands me I recognize my aunt's dear old handwriting. The letter is from distant Hungary, from a small village that lies on the lower slopes of that far-off mountain of Tokaj that the world knows only by its good wine . . .

Usually her letters are affectionate and uncomplaining; she does not like to distress anybody. But as I read about Piezi, her little dog, the past rises and fills my mind—

Spring 1945. Still gunfire in Europe, but the siege of Budapest all over. Chaos and hunger everywhere. I fled from the threatening famine to the village where my aunt used to live, more than 200 miles away. I found her house empty. Odds and ends of furniture told the story of looting: here a cupboard with the doors hanging off their hinges, there a chest of drawers without any drawers in it, windows broken and the wind stirring uneasily through the gaping rooms. Papers, old photographs, letters, were scattered about. Wreckage outside as well as in.

Disheartened at the thought of spending even one night in such a place, I wandered out to the road. The neighbor's wife happened to be passing just then, and after a joyful greeting, I learned from her that my aunt had had to go off to the Carpathian Mountains. Relatives had decided there would be a better chance for her to survive if she stayed with friends there. "I was sad to see her go," she said. "They finally talked her into it, but she did hate to leave the old dog behind." "O and what became of him?" My sudden clutch of concern made everything else—the fighting, the Russian armies, the siege—only a blur in the background.

"Well you see, as it happened there was no more room on the cart. They had to leave him. I took him in, for the dear old lady's sake—and little enough it was I could do for her. 'Yes, this is the dog's food,' I'd say to the children. 'I took him in, and I'll do right by him. No use eyeing me like that' . . . You should have seen how well he looked too . . ."

"Then he's all right!" I interrupted. (The dog's company would go a long way towards making the empty house tolerable.)

"Well you see, when the soldiers came to my place he went for them and one of them shot him dead. All his belongings are still there. Come along over and I'll give them to you."

Feeling wholly indifferent now, but with no better use for the time, I trailed her. Everything was neatly assembled: two cushions, a mat, an old armchair, a basket, a dog-collar, a small plate and a large one, and the kennel. It took several trips to drag it all back to the

house. Even in my misery, I could not help laughing. The place in ruins, my clothes ragged and crumpled, and then behold! the dog's furnishings not only intact but sumptuous so the echoing little room could barely hold them.

The deep stillness was broken by the creaking sound of a cart—an astonishing sound in those days, when all the farm animals had been hidden in the forests or driven away by the Russians. One glance from the door, and I rushed outside. For sure enough, there was my aunt perched on the rickety cart that her distant friends had somehow contrived for her homecoming. After a very happy reunion, we walked sadly through the devastated garden and house. Of course the question wasn't long in coming—with the trim cushion and kennel staring at us.

"I will never want another dog," said my aunt. I said nothing, but comforted myself with the thought that she had said those words more than once before.

After a first night with neighbors who good-heartedly shared whatever they had, we set about putting my aunt's place in order. The villagers came, one by one, bringing anything they had been able to save or spare that might help. Thanks to them, we were able to spend the second night in our own home.

In the morning we paid a visit to the general store in the village, on the off chance that there might be something for sale already—the proprietor had just recently come back from a concentration camp. When the storefront was closed, we went around to the back. Weeds were growing everywhere. "May as well give this up," I was thinking, when, from the bottom of the yard, from among the tangle of dried branches and wild vines, came the sound of barking. There emerged the head of a shaggy poodle, barking more from duty than conviction. The worn, patchy fur would not hide how his bones stuck out. In response to his voice, his master appeared

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in the doorway. He himself was in no better shape. My aunt's pity looked through her eyes.

"At least you have your dog still."

"It's a wonder. I can't explain it myself. She was waiting for me. And now in her old age she has a puppy born to her. Among those weeds. See for yourself—yes, down in the thorns. What a good bed she knew how to make for herself after all!"

We went nearer, and there, from the protected hollow, a pair of bright eyes shone up at us. My aunt gazed with surprise and pleasure. The rest of the story I could have told from that moment. Three of us returned from the shop. Our baskets were empty, but in my aunt's lap rested a trembling bundle of fur showing only a glistening, frightened pair of eyes.

He was named Piczi. He had an archair, cushions, little plates—all well and good, but to put into the plates? There was no getting around it; we had nothing in the way of food on the whole place.

But I had forgotten that when Hell's darkest powers rage upon the world, the very same number of angels staff on their way to help where help is needed.

When it became known in the village that my aunt had come home, the door was continually off the latch in the old house. "If it doesn't offend you . . ." they all started. ("Offend!" I smiled to myself in my hunger.) My aunt's modest nature protested. "I know you haven't enough for yourself . . . O no, not all that . . . Half is more than enough for us . . ." But her protesting fell on deaf ears. They all loved her, remembering times when she had had plenty and shared in the same way.

Piczi watched all the coming and going with terror. Every time the door opened, he started and then cowered shuddering on his cushion in the corner. Down behind the store the tread of boots had meant a kick. He was a war-baby, with sensitive nerves, and this sensitiveness he never lost. However, bit by bit he learned that here he was loved, and his gratitude to my aunt shone from his adoring eyes. At first he could not be coaxed out of his corner. Gradually he became bolder, though. By my aunt's side he would walk through the rooms, the kitchen, finally even out back. It was a spacious courtyard, inside that old stone wall, shaded by great horse-chestnut trees, with fruit trees and blossoming shrubs. And so Piczi extended the outer boundary of his realm, and when we worked in the garden he was always there around us.

The time came for going up the mountain in the vineyards. The work had to be started. Things were still all upside down. Nobody knew who it was he worked for, or why, or who would harvest the grapes. But the sun was shining, the buds were opening out, and hope swelled in every heart.

All the way—a good hour's walk—Piczi served joyously as vanguard, rearguard, or, his hunting instinct suddenly ablaze if a field-mouse showed its nose, as forager-in-chief, without of course ever bounding to the right spot at the right time. His nose full of earth, barking tremendously, he looked back every now and then to make sure we noted what an important job he had in hand.

Several girls and children and old people were out in the vineyard already. Wasn't this the scent of the gayest bantering and courting in the old days? Nothing of late had inspired high spirits though, and the girls in their bright kerchiefs had only each other to talk to, nothing

to talk of but village news. Of course that gave some scope. One story I remember especially: how a stranger had called a meeting, and the only audience for his speech was a band of light-hearted, light-fingered Gypsies from Bodrog Lane. At first they were exuberantly receptive. "If somebody has two horses or cows, one will be taken away."

Hooray! But the party agitator soon overstepped the mark. "If someone has six hens, three will be taken." What! March off with our hens, would they! And it ended in a free-for-all. Julis it was who told this tale. Old Uncle Andris interrupted her at last; how could she expect to do the pruning properly and keep up with such a chatter.

"Well, it's what Aunt Anna heard, and she should know," Julis rattled on, "and they say *you're* a communist, Uncle Andris. Are you? Or what party are you for?"

A gulping silence fell. The old man cleared his throat, looked far out past the winding River Bodrog at the foot of the mountain, into the distant plain, and finally muttered, "May God help him who wants good."

Yes, we talked as we worked, but it was not as I remembered it. On the way home at twilight even Piczi was almost subdued, keeping close to my aunt's side. His sedate manner dropped away at once, though, inside his own gate.

For here he reigned supreme. Jumping, barking, circling, everything short of biting, he kept all intruders at bay until we intervened and approved them. Great was his contempt for Minka, the black cat. Did my aunt sometimes take Minka into her lap, so that Piczi had to look on, his legs stiff, from a distance? Perhaps so, but Piczi was still above creatures of that sort. From his dish, and only from his dish, would he eat. Minka knew as well as he did that other tidbits, however delicious, were forbidden. But she would dip her red tongue in anything tempting, and Piczi could only pass haughtily when she was duly punished. True, nobody took his barking altogether seriously, but sometimes Minka would jump to the window sill and arch her back ("Are you satisfied now?"), and Piczi knew his authority was acknowledged. His greatest trouble was with the hens. Why had hens been created, if not to be chased by a poodle? Scolding on scolding finally conveyed the sanctity of my aunt's single brooder, and it sank in that the chickens, if one had to chase them, must never be hurt. Distance was safest. But then, when the neighbor's poultry flew in . . . what terrible tongue-lashings (though never a beating, even then). Piczi was ashamed but he just could not make a hard-and-fast promise somehow. He had to keep order in his own territory in his own fashion, that was the long and short of it.

With the passing weeks a more normal life gradually seemed to resume its rhythms. Even the railway began to run again, and I could no longer put off leaving. Of course letters kept me in touch with the village. It was a good harvest. Debts could be paid, and there was even a little money left for repairing the house and the broken furniture. By Christmas-time, many relatives gathered in that well-loved old home.

I had barely set foot inside the gate that Christmas Eve when Piczi's bushy head popped out of the kennel door. He gave a few uncertain staccato barks. "So you don't remember me, Piczi?" But very shamefaced then he wagged his tail and greeted me and told me not to

be angry for after all he had been sleeping when I arrived and only in a half-sleep could he have failed to recognize an old friend coming through the gate. I reassured him gladly. "I know you are a decent dog, Piczi, and I'm pleased to see that you take such good care of your mistress and of the courtyard."

It was the following autumn when I managed to get out to my aunt's again, and this time the state of affairs was sadly altered. Since early spring sinister-looking people had begun to come and go about the courtyard. Piczi had felt they weren't up to much good. At first he did a lot of barking, even started to snap at their ankles, and set off a chain of barking from all the other dogs in the village. But these strange people snatched up stones, and my aunt finally persuaded Piczi that wisdom was the better part of valor, and what couldn't be helped had to be endured. He learned not to bark, to hold himself back, but only with bitterness, and preferred to stay in his corner where he need not see the intruders. But in time they came even into the house, looking things over, rearranging things. And one day they settled in one of the rooms, and Piczi had to get used to the idea that these others were to be permitted even inside here, and he was still not to bark at them.

It was the time of grape-harvest when I came, and we were all grateful to get out into the vineyards again. The skin of every separate grape was stretched almost to bursting, so transparently thin that it could hardly contain the honey-sweet juice. The bright-kerchiefed girls were on the slopes again too, and there was Uncle Andris. No wonder it was said that Julis' hair-do was really a radio receiving set. For she was hard at it already: "They say in the village we may never harvest here again. They are going to arrange collectives and take everything away from everybody. And, they say, there'll always be enough Russians around no matter how we vote, to protect this communism." "No matter what we want . . ." repeated an older woman. "Do you think so, Uncle Andris?"

Slowly, unwittingly, he answered: "Truth will have to conquer, please God."

"That's what Auntie Anna says too," cried Julis, "one way or another, she says. Because either everything will work out the natural way, and Gabriel the Archangel will come down again from Heaven to chase them out with flaming swords, or, if not that, then a miracle will happen and the Americans will come and rescue us."

"Must you always talk about things you don't understand Julis," the older woman said sternly, "and leave the best bunches of grapes behind?" (Actually, the cluster she was pointing out had only one or two withered little grapes left on it.)

It was a wonderful harvest. And yet I went away that autumn with a heavy heart. My forebodings were justified, though it took many months for me to piece together the story from sparse letters. It seems that the law called for a duty to be paid to the state after the harvest, not just wine in due ratio, but grain as well. At first it was quite a puzzle, in a district where no grain was grown; there was money to buy grain, true. But another law restricted the sale of grain—only the state could buy it up. The village notary conned these laws in despair. But at last he hit on the solution. No clause anywhere in the tangle of rules mentioned oats, so he would go down into the plains and bring back oats,

and the Tokaj Mountain wine growers could meet the grain-tax after all.

Shortly afterwards uniformed men from the State Defence Authority appeared in the village and rounded up the wine growers one after the other. The charge, as far as the poor notary could make out, was forcing up the price of oats by large-scale buying. But the grain-tax? . . . Never mind that now. The crime in question is forcing up the price of oats . . .

My aunt was taken away with the rest.

Long, sad weeks followed. Piczi would not be budged from the house. The neighbor-friend brought him food, but he would hardly look at it. Even Minka could not interest him any more. He simply lay still. The kind neighbor tried to hearten him. "Your mistress can't be kept long, little dog. She will be back soon." He would revive a little then, and bark once or twice, half-heartedly.

But at last, one evening, he felt an overwhelming desire to have one last look at the road where his mistress had been taken. And Piczi's bushy head was appearing there in the gate just as my aunt, exhausted and wasted, set foot at last in the home lane again.

Piczi gazed for a while, pricked up his ears, then leaped with happy barking to receive her. He jumped so wildly that his mistress's jail-worn coat was all marked by his muddy paws. His happiness was boundless. He ran around the court many times, in huge



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circles, and then carried on again inside the house, for could there be a greater happiness than such a home-coming.

But more strange faces began to appear in the garden and in the house. Piczi had to learn that he was no master of the courtyard any longer. His domain grew smaller and smaller; in every room other families were settled. Even the stone-floored back-kitchen got its family with six children. Where they came from and why was not explained. Surely that's what the benefit of the state required.

Piczi and his mistress were squeezed into the small, dark back pantry of the house. There they cooked and lived quietly. Piczi learned that this was the only place where he was allowed to bark. In the court strange people and strange animals were coming and going. A huge black dog settled there too. Piczi looked with scorn on the intruder, that growled and behaved from the first moment as if this were his lawful home.

The Piczi menage came and went only through the back door in order to avoid the many strangers. It wasn't good to see what became of the beautiful, well-kept court and its many flowers so soon. There is no more miserable sight than a countryside left without master. Nobody mended anything; everything was considered expendable, as prey, by the newcomers. Later on electricians came and installed a huge loudspeaker on Moric's spruce which blared five times daily how much the population's standard of living was increasing day by day. Moric, on hearing the unusual noise, dropped the cone from his hands, jumped down from the tree, and ran—ran—up, through the vineyard mountain into the big forest where the standard of living hadn't risen so high, the birds whistled their own songs, and everybody lived in his own nook.

Piczi and my aunt had nowhere to flee. So they stayed on in their pantry and listened to the loudspeaker. Sometimes a friend called for a chat. Uncle Andris, too, came in and looked sorrowfully around the miserable home. "Don't be sad," he said in a whisper. "This paradise will not last much longer. My grandson was here from Budapest and told me that the workers and students will not put up with it much longer and that the West will help."

Then came the Revolution, but no miracle happened. Again the State Defence authorities, armed men, paced through the houses. Those who could fled to mountains and forests. They themselves didn't know where they were going, only somewhere, they thought, where everybody lives in his own nook and can whistle the tune he likes best. Piczi and his mistress were old and miserable, so the armed men didn't come to get them. "We are old and in this threadbare fur coat nobody will take us in any more," said my aunt. And she looked at her worn-out sheepskin coat and patted Piczi's shabby fur. "We have learned how to behave, not to be in anybody's way," Piczi understood everything, and to express his affection licked his mistress' hand.

But one day when Piczi ventured out under the eaves to wait for his mistress' return from church, one of the uniformed men swerved so suddenly on his motorcycle rounding the corner of the house that Piczi couldn't escape, and since then nobody waits for my aunt.

That was what I learned today, from my aunt's letter.

Current Comment

Kicking Up the Atomic Dust

It's great fun to sign petitions! There is a spate of them these days opposing nuclear bomb tests and the spread of nuclear weapons. The idea is impeccable: the slow-burning passion of the country must explode before Mr. Diefenbaker's eyes, forcing him to rush into the council chambers of the world insisting that the unanimous will of the Canadian people must be heeded. The University of Toronto petition was sensibly limited in wording, but there is something unreal about it. For one thing, as Mr. Diefenbaker pointed out to the Toronto delegation, the government has been saying firmly and repeatedly just what the petition asks it to say. Mr. Diefenbaker has already pledged that Canada will not become an atomic power; at the General Assembly last fall, Canada lobbied against the great powers for a United Nations study of the effects of fall-out, and voted against the French atomic bomb test. Canada's curiously reversed opinion-making machinery is at work again. As in so many matters of foreign policy, the government and the External Affairs Department are far ahead of the public. It is public opinion, not the government and External Affairs, that needs smartening up.

Perhaps the petitions are meant to add to the weight of "world public opinion". But if so, aren't they too little and too late? They might have been more effective (they certainly would have been more embarrassing) if presented before Britain tested her own hydrogen bomb in 1957. They would be more to the point now if they said plainly that the petitioners wish Britain and France to abandon their own nuclear weapons, since it was Britain that began the rush to join the nuclear club and it is France that follows at the moment.

Mr. Diefenbaker was right to ask for clarification from the University of Toronto delegation, for Britain and France must be offered a bargain if they are to give up their weapons. Would they accept any bargain? One slightly hopeful proposal has been that Britain's weapons and atomic information should now be offered, under joint control, for the protection of all Western Europe. In return for this, France might agree to give up an expensive independent deterrent. But such an agreement would be just the beginning. How could other countries outside the western alliance be persuaded—or forced—to renounce atomic weapons forever? The problem is complex and discouraging, but unless it can be recognized the present petitions are exercises in pious futility.

D.S.

Canada and Atomic Energy

An appraisal of the peacetime uses of atomic energy at this time by a commission of Canadian scientists would be of immense value, not only to Canada, but to the whole world.

We are in the commanding position of having large deposits of the atomic fuels, uranium and thorium, with no likelihood of needing them in the near future. We have able scientists, experienced in nuclear research, many of whom are neither bound to a competitive business, nor afraid of the ghost of Senator McCarthy.

The world has been bemused by the idea that, at any moment, this new form of energy is going to set it free from hard labor. We do not realize that the present method of using atomic energy is actually a step backward.

In every ton of natural uranium that goes into an atomic reactor only 14 pounds is fissile: that is, capable of generating heat. The remaining 1986 pounds is of no more value in producing electricity than the 100 pounds of ash left after burning a ton of anthracite coal. And it is infinitely more difficult to dispose of.

The heat generated in an atomic reactor is picked up by a circulating fluid: carbon dioxide, heavy water, or helium, which in turn transfers the heat to the water in a tubular boiler. The steam raised in the boiler drives a turbine connected to an electric generator—exactly as has been done for the last 50 years.

A power plant burning coal or oil in the furnace of a steam boiler actually has one stage fewer than an atomic power plant, and is therefore more efficient. The substitution of helium for heavy water, the main point in the controversy about the atomic power plant being built in Ontario, would undoubtedly lead to a higher efficiency. But the improvement would be in degree only, the principle would still be retrograde.

In relying on American anthracite for its future electric generating plants, the Ontario Hydro Commission is therefore taking a logical stand. Where the Commission has shown grave inconsistency is in its attitude to natural gas.

Few, outside the pipeline promoters, foresaw the revolution that natural gas would make in our national economy. In 1946, when atomic power was considered to be the answer to the world's ills, it was said that the house of the future would be heated electrically. This was an idea vigorously promoted by the large manufacturers of electrical equipment and enthusiastically supported by most public power commissions.

The panic cry of "electric power famine" was raised by those who did not foresee that natural gas would be available to every household in Canada; and—if the pipeline promoters are not permitted to sell too much in the United States—in sufficient quantity to match the country's growth for the next 50 years.

The first reaction of the Ontario Hydro Commission to this amazing development has been to deplore the use of natural gas for domestic water heaters, 25 per cent of the load of the average household. The reaction of that combination of Swedish, British, and Canadian promoters, which is endeavoring to carry out an African-style colonial exploitation in British Columbia, has been still more irrational.

According to the report recently brought back by a U.S. Senate delegation, the Russians have under construction hydro-electric plants totalling 12 million kilowatts, and also a single steam-electric plant of 2,400,000 kilowatts, twice the ultimate size of the great Richard L. Hearn station in Toronto. Significantly no mention is made of any atomic-electric development.

Until October 1959, when we were advised that no more would be needed, Canada had been shipping natural uranium to the United States at the rate of 16,000 tons a year. Even with the present inefficient method of converting the heat of atomic fission into electricity, this was enough to maintain in operation

60 million kilowatts of atomic power plant. Evidently the United States intends no large scale atomic-electric development in the near future.

And what really are the world's requirements of enriched uranium?

In order to start the controlled chain reaction which takes place in an atomic power reactor, a certain minimum quantity of the fissile isotope U235 is necessary. As only 14 pounds of U235 occurs in a ton of natural uranium, reactors using natural uranium must consequently be of tremendous size. The reactors in the newest British plants are 70 feet in diameter, and are made of steel plate 3 inches thick. In a submarine where space is limited, it is therefore necessary to use uranium containing a higher proportion of the heat-generating isotope.

There are several ways of enriching uranium. The best known is the Gaseous Diffusion process, which requires a huge amount of electric power. It is estimated that a plant extracting 10 tons annually of U235 from natural uranium would require 2 million kilowatts, greater than Grand Coulee. This is one of the schemes that the Wenner-Gren Combination has in mind for the Peace River waters.

Enriched uranium in large quantities may be required by the U.S. Navy or by British shipbuilders. Some may be required by European countries starting out on atomic development. It is certainly not needed in Canada. Moreover, an improvement in the operation of breeder reactors may soon offer a far quicker and cheaper method of making enriched atomic fuel.

The direct use of the heat of atomic fission is the most important field for enquiry at the present time. Engineers have been obsessed with the idea that atomic energy must be converted into electricity. The proposal to subject the Alberta tar sands to an atomic explosion is a step in the right direction. Ore smelting with controlled atomic fission may be within reach.

These are some of the things we could learn about from a commission of Canadian scientists. Leaving atomic development to the Pentagon and the financiers can only lead to nuclear war.

HUGH BROCKINGTON

More on the British Election

"I back Mac." This is an adaptation of an Ike slogan. But the Conservatives really went to town on the slogan: "They never had it so good"—Mr. Truman's watchword when he got his second turn as president. It has counted against the Labour Party that (like the Republicans after Hoover) it has become identified in the public mind with the image of depression—the great depression of 1930-31 or the austerity of 1945-50. It could have been better for the party fortunes if it had lost the election of '45. It can rightly claim to have introduced the new deal of the welfare state; but it has been cast in the role rather of the advocate than of the actual distributor of good things.

Normally, the Labour Party could have expected to be returned to office on "the swing" in the party system. Conservatives in an excellent position to form expert judgments were quite sure two years ago that this election would show a Conservative defeat. Along with a prudent and fortunate Conservative economic policy,

four things perhaps were main causes of Tory victory.

(a) The personality of Harold Macmillan. It was very much his victory. Nevertheless, until a few years ago, he had failed to make a deep impression in parliament and, until last year, with the electorate. He had been badly served by the Conservative press (in contrast to the Roosevelt situation, two major papers—the *Observer* and *Spectator*—have gone over to the anti-Conservative opposition) and especially by the Conservative cartoonists. The public image had been built up of an Edwardian dilettante. The BBC was forced by ITA into giving a new build up, and Norman Collins of ITV did this because Columbia in America had done it first. Ed Murrow gave Britain for the first time the notion that it had a great man as premier. He was the king-maker.

(b) The Labour Party suffers from the fact that it cannot afford to alienate its most enthusiastic party workers. Many of these regard socialism as a religion and the party, not as an organization concerned to give the electors what they want but as a church having nationalization, not as a pragmatic policy, but as a religious dogma. The possibilities of a "co-operation philosophy" remain inadequately explored. To keep the fair balance, it must be added that, had an election been forced two years ago, the Labour Party would almost certainly have won, nationalization policy or not.

(c) The Liberal hope of "holding the balance" in the house is quite illusive. They gained one seat and lost one seat. But in the country there has been a Liberal revival. The Liberal electorate is too evenly distributed to win seats but it is now adding votes to itself that it had once lost to Labour. This means that the usual swing, which the two-party system supposes, could cease to operate in the future. The opposition to Conservatives might be in a majority; but this opposition vote would be too divided to affect the issue.

In fact, at this moment the opposition is in a majority. On the popular vote, as distinct from the parliamentary vote (which has shown a change of about 20 seats), the Conservatives were, at this last election, far from a landslide majority. They were in a popular minority despite a swing of votes to them of 1.25 per cent. But the opposition majority was split between Labour and Liberal. Despite bitter newspaper and party political criticism, the public opinion polls were not inaccurate. The Gallop Poll, as quoted in the *Evening Standard*, was right to an integer for the Labour vote, for the Liberal vote and for the "others". It was out by seven points on the Conservatives but it gave nine points to "don't knows". Liberal votes which, for many years, were usually counted as taken from the Tories, recently have probably come no less from "floating voters" who had voted Labour. But an analysis of the Gallop Poll would suggest that the "don't know" was a man who had always voted Labour (although no Conservative government would ever be returned were it not for large manual worker support) but who privately proposed this time to vote Tory, while being—for class, etc., reasons—very secretive about it. It was significant that, in his last TV address, Mr. Macmillan took up time to insist that the ballot was secret.

(d) Hence we may be reasonably certain—and this has been a major calculation of such Conservative politicians as Mr. MacLeod—that a significant number of voters, who had voted Labour or whose fathers, under earlier conditions of industrial struggle, had voted La-

bour, had privately decided to vote Conservative. The major explanation would seem to be that they were prosperous, regarded themselves more as "middle class" than as "the workers of the world" (often they were strongly and even narrowly nationalist), and voted for "no change". They do not like the laboring association of the very name "Labour".

(e) Finally, the international situation may have influenced voters to vote "no change" and, with encouragement from Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Macmillan that there would be an early summit meeting, to vote against "swopping horses in mid-stream." Mr. Khrushchev was, for Mr. Macmillan, a valuable recruiting agent. It will be interesting to see whether, in the midst of a policy of "summitry", the American electorate will also vote, if not for "no change" on Ike, at least for not swopping party horses in 1960.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Midway

I hate spending money on anything supposed to be good for me. So I very much want the nasty things being said against the drug industry to be true. From which admission of partiality I fear I must go on to say that charges of excessive mark-up in the price of drugs will be hard, if not impossible, to prove. How big is excessive—how high is up? The premises on which any notion of a just price could be based have been out of fashion a long time—and good riddance too.

I have a friend who works for a magazine publishing house that makes its money out of a forced-circulation (sorry, *controlled* circulation) medical "book". This magazine consists mainly of glossy ads for new drugs and I thought my friend would be just the man to give me the dirt on the whole business. So I called him up and made a few subtle enquiries. "Come," I said, "you will admit that most of your advertisers are crooks?" My friend was too cautious to admit any such thing.

According to him, so many new drugs have been invented in recent years that the industry has to resort to IBM machines even to find names for them all. Then they have to be brought to the attention of doctors. This is done in three ways: direct mailing of leaflets and free samples; word of mouth promotion by salesmen; advertising in professional publications. Doctors are busy men and advertisers have to practically clout them over the head to get their attention. Hence the four-color ads on varnished paper, etc., etc. All this costs a lot of money.

My friend feels the current outcry about the mark-up on drugs is psychological rather than economic in origin. The public is trying to get back at the medical profession who are resented precisely because they are so much needed.

I was interested that my friend's response to an attack on the drug industry should be a defence of doctors. There seems to be some confusion here. A controlled circulation medical magazine is addressed to doctors and makes some show of representing them, but its income comes from the drug advertisers. An attack on the advertisers is far from being an attack on the readers.

My wife kindly asked her doctor what he thought about all this. He became quite excited. He says he throws away about a hundred dollars worth of free drug samples every week. He thinks the promotional methods of the industry very wasteful.

On December 14, 1959, the University of Toronto's Committee on Nuclear Disarmament delivered into the hands of the prime minister its petition to the Canadian government. The petition, signed by most of the influential people in the university as well as by a great many students, called for: (1) Cessation of nuclear tests. (2) Cessation of production of nuclear weapons. (3) Measures to prevent the spread of nuclear armament to countries which do not now possess such weapons.

The movement which this petition represents is not an anti-bomb agitation, but an approach to world disarmament. The petitioners feel that the possible damage done by nuclear fall-out is not the principal danger to be feared. It is the armaments race that is the main evil.

The organizing of this petition is itself reassuring evidence that the university is able to make itself heard on political issues—even though the committee concerned is "unofficial" and came into being, so to speak, spontaneously.

It was a graduate student who started the whole business. I have known Bogden Kipling for some years. He is a quiet man, very much in earnest. Polish by birth, he knows well all that war involves. The name Kipling was given to his brother when he flew bombing missions over Germany so that if he were captured with his pay-book his family in Poland would not suffer on his account. Since his family name is unpronounceable by Anglo-Saxons anyway, it seemed natural for Bogden to call himself Kipling too—though he is more ready to quote Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz* than he is to sing *The Road to Mandalay*.

Bogden Kipling is 31 and works as a janitor in some rooming houses full of artists and musicians on Toronto's left bank—the left bank, that is, of the Mount Pleasant cut-out. The day he was to call on University President Bissell was garbage day. First he carried out all the garbage in his dirty old overalls. Then he took a bath, put on his best suit and sallied forth with the petition.

* * *

A Christmas card from my friend Mel Hurtig, the Edmonton bookseller, is different from every other card I have seen. The edges of the envelope are charred, and stamped on it with a rubber stamp are the words "DAMAGED BY FIRE ON TRAIN". The thought of that rubber stamp makes me nervous. They have fires so often in mail-cars?

* * *

Among last month's Sayings of the Poets: Irving Layton, asked what he thought of Louis Dudek's attack on him in the Montreal magazine *Delta*: "My success has gone to Louis' head."

F. R. Scott was introduced by Maxwell Cohen to a group of under-graduates as a man who had "joined the wrong party too early". Mr. Cohen has fairly recently become a Liberal and F. R. Scott quickly interrupted him: "Mr. Cohen joined the right party too late."

* * *

I bought some Poppadums to eat with curry. The tin, imported from Bombay, complies with Canadian food regulations by listing the ingredients. I am very glad to know what they are: urd flour and gingley oil.

THE 64,000 DRACHMA QUESTION

"Who are you with claws of cat,
Ruffling wing and bouncing titty?"

"I am the Guardian of the City.
Who are you, if it comes to that,
Your feet so pierced and your eye so piercing?"

"Oedipus."

"Sphinx."

"I'm pleased to meet you."

"Very soon I'll be pleased to eat you."

"I can't stand here all day conversing.
Stand aside."

"I'll stay in the middle;
None pass till they read my riddle.
You're just the last in a long procession.
You see these bones that make my bed?
Those, if you'll pardon the expression,
Those are the unanswering dead."

"Let's have the riddle."

"Well, you've had fair warning.
What has four legs in the morning,
Three in the night, at mid-day two?"
"That's easy. Man."

"Come, that won't do.
Try to look pale when you hear the question;
Wipe your forehead, muss your hair,
Strengthen your nerve with a visible prayer.
Then dribble the answer bit by bit:
First a hint, then a suggestion—
Then, triumphant, out with it!
Burst into tears when I say 'Correct!'
Liven it up, or the show is wrecked.
Try it again."

"Now, let me see . . .
Four in the morning? Can it be . . . ?
No it can't be . . . something about
A cradle? Oh, the strain, the doubt!
I shall be sphinxmeat if I miss it!
Two legs . . . upright, see, he stands!
Baby is walking, look! no hands!
But three legs! Three? . . . Oh Lord, whatever
Made me imagine that I was clever
Enough to risk this dreadful visit?
Show me the bathroom, I feel sick.
Merciful Lord, I humbly pray,
Show me the answer. . . . Why! a stick!—
An old man's third leg, if one thinks!
Is man the answer? Is it, Sphinx?"
"It is! It is! Folks, here's the winner!
Come along now to the Sponsor's Dinner."

"Did I really win?"

"That's hard to say.
I certainly lost."

"Oh, you lovely thing,
Wrap me up in your loosening wing.
With your marble breast and brazen face,
Pussy claw and peacock feather,
Let me faint in your embrace!"

"Come then, let us die together."

Television Notebook

IN THE GENERAL twitter over Dwight Macdonald's snippy comments on Canadian magazines (in *Canadian Literature*, No. 1) Macdonald's most perceptive remark has been ignored. "They were, in short, provincial—that is dependent on the capital city (London or New York), and yet insistent on a local autonomy which there aren't the resources to sustain." Macdonald was discussing a handful of intellectual journals, but he put his finger on the most serious problem of Canadian culture: we try to live beyond our means.

Canada has publishers who cannot find novelists to fill their lists. We have theatres without playwrights, little magazines hungry for short stories, art galleries fighting over painters. We have big, slick magazines which not only have trouble finding writers or editors but actually have difficulty finding people to write *about*. And now we have a critical magazine, exclusively devoted to Canadian Literature, which may find itself short of literature to criticize. We have a kind of artistic autonomy, and we have a sort of cultural apparatus; but the people who make the apparatus work—the fiction writers, the playwrights, the other creative artists—are often hard to find. From this angle, Canada looks like a giant tomato cannery: dozens of canning machines, hundreds of workmen trained to run them, scores of trucks waiting to transport the finished product—but no tomatoes.

The pattern goes beyond high culture and beyond mass forms of printed culture. It is most obvious in television; and the fallacy on which it is based has never found more articulate expression than in the recent pronouncements of the Board of Broadcast Governors. The BBC has announced that television stations in Canada henceforth will be required to devote a large part of their broadcast time to Canadian shows.

In some countries, this might be a sound idea. But Canada already has the longest TV network in the world, and not much to put on it. We have, for instance, a one-hour drama program which cannot seem to find Canadian plays to fill its schedule. We have variety programs, but no variety: only song and dance, because (with the exception of Wayne and Shuster) we have no comedians. We have a panel program, *Fighting Words*, which aims at controversy and ends up searching desperately for Canadians who will say something even slightly controversial.

It must seem to newspaper readers that many Canadians spend large parts of time telling each other that Canadian talent should be given a better chance: that the CBC should find other ways of developing performers and writers. But when we glance at CBC television history (or glance at a TV set) it becomes obvious that Canadian talent in the performing arts is already oversubsidized and over-used. (Last summer's unhappy satiric show, *Long Shot*, had, I thought, one virtue: it avoided Canadian talent as much as possible.) For years the CBC has allowed scores of singers, dancers, and "personalities" to work through their apprenticeship in public. The result is that we now have many performers with experience and few performers with any visible talent. Perhaps eventually we will be forced to admit what every serious actor already knows—that performing ability is almost never "developed" in a TV studio. Television, so far as we can now see, only uses the talent

that other agencies—the stage, the magazines, the saloons, even the radio—have already developed.

Thus the BBC's demand that 55 per cent of all Canadian TV should be Canadian in content by 1962 is rather hard to take seriously. The Board apparently believes that there are scores of good Canadian performers now unemployed and waiting only for a call from a private TV station. In fact, it would be extremely difficult to find more than two or three interesting variety performers who are not working, and it would be harder still to find a reasonably good writer who is acceptable to TV but is not already selling everything he can produce.

THE ECONOMICS OF TV make the Board's proposals sound even sillier. At this point, no Canadian company, or combination of companies, can afford to sponsor a full-scale variety show or drama program, even when the facilities of the national network are available. At the parliamentary committee on broadcasting last year, it was made plain that the CBC must subsidize live shows. If this is true, then the possibility of a Canadian company sponsoring a costly show on local TV, to reach a one-city audience, is even more remote. The private stations may eventually put together a videotape network to compete with the CBC, but even if that happens the range of possible sponsored shows will still be severely limited.

However, the Board has given the stations (and itself) a way out. Public events of great interest to Canadians (the World Series was one example given) will be counted as "Canadian content". Furthermore, French films, British films, and films from other Commonwealth countries will count as half-Canadian: an hour of film rented from Granada will score the same marks as a half-hour Canadian show. In practice, this means that everything except American programs will be judged in the station's favor. Thus the BBC has arrived at a system that censors American mass culture without actually seeming to be censorship.

So the prospects for private TV in Toronto and other big cities begin to seem clearer, if not brighter. These are some of them: (1) Plenty of cheap panel shows, quizzes, new programs, and jerry-built variety shows, all totally Canadian, some of them sponsored. (2) Scores of rented films from French or Commonwealth countries, most of them sponsored. (3) American films, like situation comedies and westerns, all of them sponsored, most of them draining off easy revenue that the CBC now receives. This is hardly an optimistic view, but at the moment can anyone seriously hope for anything better?

All of this, of course, is planned in the name of virtue (there's nothing more virtuous than Canadianism). The Board sets out to avoid the errors of TV control made in other countries, and ends up—so early in its life!—announcing a set of meaningless standards.

If the governors were serious about achieving their announced objectives, they would already be fighting for them. They would have started by suspending a few licenses and issuing a few ultimatums, demanding that the *existing* TV and radio stations live up to their obligations. The radio stations, for instance, might be required to play something other than the Top-40 hits; the TV stations might be asked to present some of the educational material available from American and British sources.

Instead, the BBC has seized the issue of Canadianism

—or perhaps the issue of anti-Americanism?—and thus found a way to achieve an appearance of virtue without stirring up any serious trouble. When the rules go into effect, we will be able to tell ourselves once again that Canadians—unlike those nasty, backward, commercial Americans—have avoided the excesses of commercialism and encouraged native talent in one strike. Once again, we will be able to kid ourselves.

ROBERT FULFORD

Canadian Calendar

- Prime Minister Diefenbaker has denied that 10 miniature federal governments were being set up across Canada to assume responsibility in case of nuclear attack. He said that five regional emergency offices have been set up, and that another five would be established.
- The number of business failures across Canada in the third quarter of 1959 was 317; in the same period of 1958, 284 firms failed.
- Some Doukhobor marriages dating back 50 years have been made legal and registered. Until the B.C. law was amended last spring, children born of these marriages were illegitimate. More than 1,000 marriages are expected to be registered during these sittings of the special marriage commissioner appointed to administer the new law, which recognizes the Doukhobor form of marriage as legal.
- Lt.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns, who has resigned as commander of the UN Emergency Force in the Middle East, has been appointed government adviser on disarmament. He will represent Canada in international discussions and negotiations relating to disarmament questions.
- On December 9, Justice Minister Fulton confirmed that the selling and pricing policies of pharmaceutical houses in Canada have been under study for the past two years. But the Combines Commission, which is conducting the inquiry, has not yet reported its findings.
- The Quebec Legislative Assembly approved unanimously legislation which calls for equal representation of labor and management on the Labor Relations Board, and fines of from \$100 to \$1,000 a day for employers who fail to recognize or negotiate in good faith with a union certified by the labor board.
- Bora Laskin, a member of the University of Toronto law faculty and a specialist in labor law, maintains that the arbitrator has the right, in cases of violation of a collective bargaining agreement, to assess damages and direct payment by either a company or a union.
- Dr. W. A. Beckett of the Institute of Business Administration, University of Toronto, predicts a 5 per cent rise in the Gross National Product for 1960, and towards the end of that year, a downward trend into perhaps the sharpest recession since the Second World War.
- On December 15 Joyceville Institution, Canada's first prison without walls, was officially opened by Justice Minister Fulton. This first federal medium security penitentiary is 14 miles north of Kingston, and will house 454 inmates when construction is completed.
- Canada has become the fortieth member of the Inter-

national Theatre Institute, and is represented by the Canadian Theatre Centre, a voluntary association of professional theatre groups, organizations and individuals, which received its official charter from Ottawa last April.

- All provinces except Quebec have accepted the federal government's roads-to-resources program, in which the federal government will pay 50 per cent of the cost of development roads.
- Russell Harper, previously with the National Historic Sites branch of the National Resources Department, has been appointed curator of Canadian art at the National Gallery in Ottawa.
- W. E. Stevens, chief mammalogist of the Canadian Wildlife Service, says that the barren-ground caribou, pillar of the traditional Arctic economy, has suffered a precipitous decline and is rapidly nearing extinction. In the last 10 years, the number killed by humans alone has exceeded the annual increment; in addition there are losses from wolves, drowning and disease. There are now fewer than 200,000 caribou in the central mainland barren-grounds; before the northward march of civilization, a conservative guess placed the number at 2,500,000.
- The Quebec Legislative Assembly has passed a Public Libraries Act to meet the pressing need for public libraries in the province. In this field, according to experts, Quebec is 50 years behind other provinces.
- Three Toronto dentists have developed a torsion bar technique which may enable people to keep most of their teeth for life. The problem has been to find a partial denture which distributes the stress evenly inside the mouth, so that the remaining natural teeth do not loosen or deteriorate. Appeals for information on the Canadian technique have come from all parts of the world; its theory has been known for years, but no tests have previously been made on such a scale or with such success.
- The departments of astronomy and electrical engineering at the University of Toronto, and the National Research Council, will build a new type of giant radio telescope next year in Algonquin Park. The new telescope, developed from original research by postgraduate students, and much cheaper (cost of the unit will be \$20,000) than the traditional type which usually costs millions of dollars, will be part of a National Radio Observatory now under construction.
- Municipalities from any province may be represented—if the provincial government approves—at the Conference of Federal and Provincial Governments which is to take place in late summer.

ARIEL F. SALLOWS, Q.C.

H. A. OSBORN, LL.B.

SALLOWS, OSBORN & COMPANY

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

5, 6 & 7 The New Craig Block

NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

THE CHARACTERS SPEAK

JACK

The unlikely story was true, the beans were magic
Sliding sea-pebble colored in my hand;
The credulous bargain justified, the stranger
Well-disposed or else outwitted.

I climbed above the roofs
Above the jeering people in the street,
Ladder of heart-shaped leaves ascending
Clouds a road beneath my feet.

Everyone watched me till the faces blurred
The voices thinned and blew away
And Jack the foolish, Jack who was always wrong
Left them confounded gaping at the sky.

THE GIANT

How long I've longed for him to come
Cracking the marrow of my bones
In loneliness and now he climbs
Into my kingdom overbold

To comb my beard and tweak my nose
And plunder my strongbox of gold,
To take by force what I would give,
Blood enemy I fight in love.

THE MOTHER

My anger flung the seed
That sprouted to the sky
I sit in the cold shade
Of my complicity

Seeing the ritual axe
Forever at the core
The giant's dance of death
Printed on the air

The hero and his guilt
Irrevocably bound
While my divided heart
Must wear the double wound.

JACK

Now that the giant is dead and the golden hen
My barnyard beauty
My mother and I are rich and the neighbors point
Telling my story to strangers, Lucky Jack.

I made the easy bargain, all the rest
Moved to the fixed conclusion. I became
The nimble thief to hide in the giant's hall
Inherit the treasure. The seed contained the whole

My venture and triumph and his huge dismay.
He bellowed and threatened and I cut him down
And the ladder with him;
I can never climb the sky again.

Only remember that country, how the clouds
Were shining meadow, how all roads
Led to his castle, how it might have been
If he had been friendly. If I could have stayed.

Floris McLaren

WAR BROADCASTERS

His enemies weren't men, they were bloody
figments

he portrayed being shot down in splotches
with such a savouring of truth and lie, such
a Churchillian growl, such
reverberation of his hard palate,
he seemed mystically joined to
the monied supervisors of the slaughter.

Between that and the next scheduled war,
without

one sharp indrawn breath (except about India)
the Russians became vile to him, the Germans
poor abused democrats; and he rolled
that sweet pickle before the feast,
Korea, among his echoing canines.

He looks as gutted as his visions.
When (still on radio) he reads the news,
the talk of talks, visitors, test bans,
sounds insipid and tired
from one who once smothered
a hundred thousand Hamburgers
with one luscious roll of the tongue.

Milton Acorn

TRILLIUMS AFTER A PARTY

(For Maxwell Cohen)

Unlike men I met last night
Trilliums have not tight arses;
Serve neither sullen nor bright
Banter, nor recite verses.
And their three-petalled purses
Are open, displaying gold
For close-lipped or passionate
Or those who laughing are cold.

Not one is professional
In the Law or Medicine;
Haphazard they take the hill
Yet let the grasses creep in.
Vision without division
Is sound argument enough,
Proffering the bitter fool
Out of exuberance, love.

Irving Layton

MANHATTAN MISSION

We who are someone vision ourselves
Sequinned in by-lined worlds of night pose,
Columned per everyone-knows-who
for two drinks

Too many or the day's wage filet,
Accompanied by glamor, undressed by Faith.

We who are reading our lives' color by black
And white words ways reveal rainbows
To time-taught eyes, shifting our own stone
To strained sand beach, floating on pool and sea,
Dancing to star and sound, clever as a pet
Press agent's chef-d'oeuvre,
Secure as a Waldorf Tower.

Lee Richard Hayman

STOP-OVER IN KINGSTON

All winter-weary white, the lawn was a wedding party
 Of evening grosbeaks; skies rained down
 Daffodil-dazzle, sun-spun yellow
 Confetti of flight, while all the death-in-life
 Trees rested a shock of birds,
 Come from the magnolia winter,
 Rising and falling,
 At all our windows,
 Like fire and midnight sun,
 While-toe and shush,
 The mountaineers
 Of the metropolis,
 The trapped of walls and winter,
 Of small children and blood
 Slowed down by days endured,
 Not lived;
 And I, in these ranks, housewife,
 Hillbilly gawk,
 Eyed, envied, eulogized,
 These visitors that course the continents,
 That fly to mate by Aurora Borealis,
 The pollen of pomegranates still on their wings,
 These golden-manna birds that fall upon
 The winter-town, all gaiety without the song,
 That leave the heart to sing.

Joan Finnegan

THE MAN FROM THE POEM

The man walked out of the poem,
 Left his lance in the closet in the hall,
 Took off his armour
 And laid it out on the chesterfield
 Where it lay
 Showing its nuts and bolts.
 Then he said to me,
 "I've a jst for thee, my modern man!
 Just watch this disappearing trick!"
 And with that he
 Tore off his leather jerkin
 And all the linen underneath,
 Put his hand inside his stomach,
 Peeled off his flesh and rolled it in a ball,
 Then ate his bones
 Until they all had gone.

But under his helmet on the chesterfield
 I found a rose, with a spider in it.

John Orrell

TRISTAN ASLEEP

Heavy your head on Isolde's arm,
 Heavy, vulnerable, unaware and warm.
 Her gaze drinks deep of your beloved face,
 Brow brushed smooth by sleep's soft kiss;
 Eyelids guard your world of hope and cares;
 Lips gently dream that lately plundered hers.
 Dreamt her lips, too? or was it really so?
 Poet to splendid poet, in white high
 Catastrophes of stars.

Evelyn J. Broy

THE MIRACLE IS

"Put together in the proper way, we all turn out to be
 a rather weak, watery solution of salts and carbon com-
 pounds, more or less jellified. The miracle is that such
 stuff as we are made of should walk and talk and know
 such things as song and sadness."

N. J. BERRILL, in *You and The Universe*

This is carbon speaking
 intricately compounded
 and immersed in watery salts.
 Jellyfellow
 off all who live and die
 daily, compact of faults,
 tried and found wanting,
 I have known sadness
 smarting tears and despair
 black and diamond hard
 and thought my life ill-starred.
 Grateful for song
 loving laughter and gladness,
 content that the miracle
 should be rounded with a sleep.

Fred Swayze

FIREWORKS

Divide the jetty screen.
 Resolve the invisible tracery
 Of arcs and angles in their searing probes
 By splintering chaos at its centre
 To shoot in radial iridescence
 To the circumference of oblivion.
 It is not your concern
 To estimate the acrid benison of fizzled flares
 But to maintain the neon spectrum
 of alleluias wheeling and spraying
 Only slightly below the level of the stars.

Olivia Little

HOW I CURED MYSELF OF HOMESICKNESS

When I stopped an unattractive Parisienne
 and asked her why the French
 considered Charles Baudelaire
 the greatest poet since Racine;

She stared at me with unfeigned blankness,
 never having heard either name before;
 and I knew I was back home again
 with my equally unassuming Canadians.

Irving Layton

CARL SPICER

My earliest ambition was like Cain's:
 to be another and acceptable.
 One from my mother's womb spewed out his brains
 between my boots, as in the parable.

Alden A. Nowlan

Fragment

A SHORT STORY BY DAVE GODFREY

► "LOCKED IN the room I was free to watch them out the window but could not hear what they were saying. Riel, who I have mentioned before as the infamous leader of the barbarians, was still in the chamber room of the self-titled Provisional Government of Red River, but I did not expect any trouble from him. This was the second time I had been locked up by the savages yet I was quite sure Dr. Schultz would make him see reason although Riel had become very angry (angry in an animal way I had before seen only in my collie) when I spat on him to emphasize my disgust with his savage's mind which could not understand the facts I was forcing upon him. Perhaps I would be forced to repeat my oath to stop stirring up trouble for the half-breed but I was as certain then as I am now that God never expected a man to keep an oath given to pacify these half-savage children of the devil. The day was . . ."

He read what he had written then shook blotting sand on the page until it was dry, left the book and walked to the window.

Self-titled, he thought, that's a good phrase. Perhaps the spat is a little strong, no, it will make it sell better, Kompton always mentions how he spat on the niggers when they insulted the flag.

There was no glass on the window but a thin, scraped hide which barely could be seen through. He ripped it off and cast it on the floor then stooped his tall, thin body to look through the opening. Riel had still not come out. The Metis were spread along the bank of the river, laughing in victorious laziness. Their women hung back like flecks of dirty color, knowing they were not to

join the men, angry because they had to enjoy the boisterous happiness at a distance.

Some of the drunker Cree fought naked in the shallows of the river, beyond them it flowed like a red brown snake, so heavy with spring clay that it could not reflect the dark blueness of the May sky and showed only as surface shadows the black clouds thudding like distant buffalo from the brown west.

The hubbub stopped and changed itself to wild shoutings of praise. He spat uselessly as Riel strode out of the room into the cheering. The spittle dribbled into his beard and he swiped angrily at it with his hand. He looked to the settlement and when he saw no action or movement that might mean Schultz was coming, he turned back to his writing without watching Riel walk the distance to his assembly of soldiers.

"The day was cloudy and dismal. Finally the savages' leader came out to address the drunken throng. I must admit to some fear for the man was so drunk that I realized I was in danger of my life but when messengers from Dr. Schultz arrived and the crowd, with their remaining sanity, demanded that the respected man be allowed to have his say, I can honestly confess that at that very moment I thanked my Maker for preventing the savages from forgetting all the Christian precepts we have so strenuously taught them."

There was for a moment no noise and he walked quickly back to the small opening. Riel was walking among the groups of men as he talked to them and from the room Scott could see his black beard move clearly with the unheard words and his heavy young body, already calm and taut as an old wolf's, winding slowly among the grouped Metis. Once he stopped, as if only then seeing the women, and waved them in to join the rest, but he stopped only for a moment, his pacing was almost continuous, he walked with the stealthy strength an old wolf shows chasing down a deer that is still young and fresh, but not with haste as though he knew there were a whole pack behind him and he would in turn be relieved and relieve.

He flipped the deerhide moccasin off his right foot as he walked and held it above his head and the naked skin of his foot seemed almost as brown as the animal hide. Scott smiled as he remembered spitting, with his undisguised disgust, on the moccasin and the throaty, harsh Metis roar passed in oblivion around his head. Now he has them interested, he thought, here they come crawling around him forgetting the women and the whiskey and he'll want to go over the whole thing again because this time they'll be angry at the tale he'll tell and forget the lies they've been passing out to their women. Scott carried his book over to the opening in the log wall, needing more light from the cloudy sky and he wrote quickly, not deigning to watch the rough circular mass of men surrounding the one in the centre who paced in small precise circles as though trying to calm the angry animal of their shouting with the sureness of his tread, as a shaman might try to calm the kinetic thunder of a storm with the steady ritensness of his step dance.

"Dr. Schultz arrived to cheers from the natives despite the stony stares of Riel and lieutenants and when he had reasoned with their simple minds they began to clamour that Riel might set me free. Still, there was a vicious savagery in his features, a savage fury that kept my heart in my throat, for I knew the man to be insane and

THE SUMMER MUMMER

O Mountebank! O Thief!
O harlequined-Jongleur!
You Summer Mummer
in the freckled gear!
What is the sleight
You practise on the heart
transmogrifying both
it, and the year?

Is nothing sacred then?
No one immune, but feels
Your filching fingers
fumbling his breast,
and stares half-fearful, and
half-joyful, where his
pulsing heart leaps skyward
to Your jest?

Ah, fickle Trickster,
slick, and tinsel-trapped,
You play us all for suckers
each time round —
yet when You pull up stakes
and wheel away,
how disenchanting seems
the common ground!

Dorothy M. Brown

fully capable of ignoring their demands merely to satisfy his own pagan lusts. Fortunately, Dr. Schultz was able to calm him, as I later learned for I could hear nothing of this fateful exchange but had to content myself with watching the pantomime that was deciding my fate. When I was freed from the intolerable prison room and had repeated my oath they allowed me to depart in peace and I returned to the settlement in great triumph, thanking the Lord for delivering me out of the devils' bloody hands."

The thunder storm broke then, while he was finishing the writing and while Riel was beginning his speech again, the Metis leapt on their horses and rode a wild impromptu race towards the trading room. Damnation, he said aloud, I shall have to change the first sentence. They will come and talk their wild talk below and I will hear every word and smell, if not see, every one of their filthy bodies. But he did not rewrite the sentence. The Metis charged into the room below and he could hear the clinking of bottles and the jangling of old muskets and the soft pit pat of many moccasined feet and the smell rose through the chinked boards below him on which he laid his knees and then his hip and, bracing his body with his hands, the flat of his ear. The babble rose and he could hear every word as if he were amongst them but the sound was not enough, they spoke their guttural, patois French and the phrases were mysteries to him but he scraped away the dust and the plaster and the moss between the cracks of the boards trying to hear, trying to see Riel when he spoke. He knew the voice, loud and calm and confident but the other voices rose yelling up around it. And there Gabriel Dumas, spearlike with the attack of a military bugle.

—tu es comme le grand buff dans un feu de prairie, il veut t' brûler et va t' détruire et tu t'assieds comme le plus vieux de buff et mort sans te défendre. Il faut le tuer.

He was a tall man and he could not stay crouched long on the floor. He straightened up, but slowly, and even in the tall, deserted room he moved slowly as if afraid he would bump the rafters which a week before had hung with new muskets and pans, flour, pemmican, beaver hides and now were already dressed in thin dust as if deserted for years to spiders and rats. He had one purpose, unpensive, unspoken, to drive the Metis completely away from the red clay land that lined the river and from all the grand lone land they owned or claimed to own and to replace the cedar and turfclay houses with dusty images of homes he had known in Pembroke, Orillia, Kingston and perhaps the ones he had heard about in Manchester and Sussex and he watched with slow, soundless pride the growing squares of geometric lines the transits of the surveyors cut across the stone fences of the slender Metis farms with each their short, eastern boundary running into the river and he heard with the same soundless joy the tales in the Golden Dragon of the drunk which Tomble Couteau had thrown with the 50 silver dollars Thomas Dunbar had paid for his whiskey devalued land.

The words rose still like dust through the floor and he could hear the confusion become complete even without stooping until he could not distinguish one shout from the others and he thought that at least they have not decided irrevocably to harm me or there would not be this argument. They are probably arguing about the captured guns and horses.

Then the thunder broke once, loud and single, near, like a man's hand slapping once a furless hide stretched tight across a wooden cylinder and when he looked around he saw the rain curling the black surfaces of his book and running the "Holy" indistinctly into the "Bible". He opened it but the pages inside were still dry and unturned.

"Thomas Scott," he read, "His Adventures as a Foe and Captive of the half-breed savages of Manitoba, May 16, 1869 to—. With great danger I have kept this diary in times of fighting and in times of captivity, disguised in the cover of the Lord's Word which even the savages respect with almost native awe."

The thunder clapped again and with the sound the voices rose up again louder through the floor as if applauding the brotherly fury of the storm. Riel was walking among them, he knew, trying to recreate the pattern he had watched rehearsed on the river bank. Riel, jerking off the saliva stained moccasin while he paced in an even smaller circle, even more like a shaman as though realizing now he had loosened a storm too big to pacify with the smallness of his ritualistic pacing.

But he could hear Riel's voice calm in the shouting as in the centre of a whirlpool of dust; while the rain thudded down on the ground outside he could hear, as senseless to him as the rain itself.

—Si nous devons le faire, nous le ferions avec toute la justice possible, nous ferions comme disent les blancs, pas comme ils font,

and the words were at once mysterious to him but also calming and frightening for they were spoken too coldly even for a Frenchman and they sounded as they were coming from a Scottish judge or an Ontario grand master of the Orange Lodge indoctrinating a novice into the intricacies of the creed.

And the Metis chorus that answered him, too carousing to have any of the civilization he knew, had yet now something of the Cornwall congregation replying to a new minister's blasphemies from their old pulpit and of the weathered foreman's voice, silently ignoring the judge's young plea for clemency as he read the jury's decision.

—Il faut le tuer . . . il faut tuer le chien . . . tabernac . . . nous n'avons pas de temps pour parler . . . il faut le tuer . . . il faut tuer.

He watched the dust on the rafters, smelling the stench of sweat and beer that rose from below but not hearing the noise they were raising though he could now pick out the sound "tuer" as quickly as he could surely see the rat's tracks in the floor dust for he was remembering now another noise and the two sounds stood like duelists in his mind making a pair of silent and armed images, upright and calmly ready to fight and then kill when he sorted them out in their times and places and saw how they stood one to each other.

He remembered first hearing that sound like dry thunder when it was instead the sound of the herd going solid across the plain like a river of brown mossed boulders and the noise of passing was so much like that of stormless thunder that his father's rifle was heard only quietly as the sound of pebbles hitting a rock might be heard any other day. His father was placed by the Metis leader of the hunt near the park-trap where he shot the captured animals with all the daring of a sad butcher for the fury was all theirs that day. They rode among the flood river of mudbrown necks and shoulders and but-

tocks like so many paint spotted rocks and pebbles the Cree holy men whirl in the flow of a rockslide.

And as the sound bloated up from below, the stenching sound of the other image of a duelist, he remembered himself standing on the mound where they had put him and watching his father fire into the milling maze of trapped animals then load and fire again while the Metis and the Indians and occasionally a riderless horse rode in and out among the black herd, firing or flipping the pomaded arrows from quivers on their barebacks, riding without saddles, their knees grabbing the heaving bellies, arms loading or stringing the arrows, notch to ottergut, and always, above the dry thunder of the animals and the Indians harsh "khishka, khishka", and the sudden, throwing fall of a dead or trampled animal, the biting insistence of the Metis, both duelists, then and now,

—tuez, tuez, tuez, il faut le tuer.

Record Review

► IN VIEW OF THE FACT that the organ is the oldest of the keyboard instruments, antedating the harpsichord by more than three centuries, the organ repertoire is meagre. The most fertile period of organ composition coincides with the Golden Age of European music; and after Bach, composers increasingly ignored the instrument altogether. Even the relatively popular organ concerti of Bach's great contemporary, Handel, are not true organ works. Composed for his own use, the sole part is merely suggested, and whole movements are left open to improvisation by the performer.

That Haydn and Mozart still recognized the importance of the instrument is shown by their numerous organ works, but it was already being relegated to the secondary role of a concerto part, and the orchestra had become dominant in both secular and religious works. When we come to Beethoven and the nineteenth century, the organ is almost totally ignored.

The long association of the organ with the church, and the ecclesiastical sanction of its use to the exclusion of all other instruments in worship services, no doubt accounts for its decline after the eighteenth century, when the church's influence likewise was in eclipse. With Beethoven, purely secular music got its first great champion, and it was natural that he should show his defiance of religious authority by an unyielding disregard for the instrument.

Through the rest of the nineteenth century the influence of Beethoven's example prevailed, although perhaps not for the same reasons. Of the three B's of the period—Beethoven, Berlioz and Brahms—only Brahms can offer us a handful of organ works which are worth consideration. And even these, though a profitable study for the organ student, are far from the nobility of his best orchestral works, and would for the most part be just as suitable for piano.

The sole exception during the nineteenth century to this general predicament was Cesar Franck. His organ works are outstanding in every way, and the overall effect is to open a new chapter in organ composition.

The decline of the organ's popularity can also be traced to the ascendancy of the piano, with its technical glitter so persuasive to the virtuoso performer. For more than a century, the best organists have not enjoyed a tenth the attention and applause accorded to even a

second-string pianist. And without the church as a purely physical shelter, along with the tradition of the organ accompaniment to religious worship, it would almost certainly have become as obsolete a curiosity as did the harpsichord during the last century, when the piano and pianist emerged as the instrumental prima donnas of the concert stage.

In the face of this, the recent development on the part of several recording companies of an enthusiasm for the solo organ is most welcome. Starting with the logical and predictable, the works of Bach—a few of which have defied a century's general neglect—the recorded repertoire is gradually working back into the unexplored wealth of the early Baroque and late Renaissance periods.

One of the most important releases is the recent issue in the Decca Archive series devoted to the works of Samuel Scheidt¹. In a creative period which covered the first half of the seventeenth century, Scheidt's contribution to the development of German organ music was of the greatest value. His first collection of sacred and secular organ pieces, the *Tablatura Nova*, published in 1624, shaped the art in Germany for the next fifty years, and much of Bach's organ composition clearly derives from Scheidt's book. And since Scheidt had studied in Amsterdam under Sweelinck, the last of the great Netherlands masters of polyphony, he had absorbed Italian and English influences as well as Dutch. This naturally played a prominent part in his own development, and, through him, enriched the art in Germany itself.

Of particular interest among the six works on this record is the longest one, on Side 2. This takes the form of what was known as the Organ Mass, in which organ and choir alternated, the latter singing brief phrases of the Mass plainsong, followed by polyphonic variations on the organ. Although the result was often not very successful either as liturgy or art, composers such as Scheidt could surmount the invariable obstacles to produce much fine music during the three centuries that the Organ Mass was a part of first the Catholic and later the Lutheran service as well.

In this performance, the male choir sings a sentence or two of portions of the Kyrie, and more extended parts of the Gloria, separated by solo organ variations. The organ used is an exact copy of one built in Scheidt's time, with the lovely mellow tone of the true early Baroque instrument.

The other organ pieces will be of considerable interest to the organ lover, but they do not hold the fascination for the average listener that this example of the Organ Mass does. All the performances are of the same high quality we have come to expect of the Archive series, and the record is of exceptional interest.

Another recent Archive release, of somewhat lesser importance because it has been preceded by others of the same composer, is a third disc of Buxtehude's choral works². Buxtehude bridged the gap between the first great masters of the German Baroque, such as Scheidt and Schutz, and its culmination in Bach, yet his works stand on their own as neither an extension of Schutz nor merely preceding Bach.

¹SAMUEL SCHEIDT: 6 Works for Organ, from *Tablatura Nova*; Decca Archive ARC-3107.

²BUXTEHUDE: 4 Spiritual Choral Works, with Norddeutscher Singers and Instrumentalists; Decca Archive ARC-3108.

His individuality is apparent in the first selection on this record, the "sacred concerto", "Indeed, He suffered our illness," using as a text some verses of Isaiah. Here the formal arrangement is a series of movements, vocal or instrumental, solo or choral, and the whole is dominated by the biblical text to the extent that it remains primarily a religious, and only secondarily a musical work, as contrasted to a later period when the roles were reversed. Likewise, the "recitative" and "aria" are not so clearly defined and contrasted as they were under Bach.

The two cantatas more closely anticipate Bach in form, by opening with an instrumental prelude, then reverting to a series of parts similar to those in the "sacred concerto", and then closing with an "Amen" that in the first cantata develops into an abbreviated fugue, and in the second alternates between a vocal and answering instrumental "choir".

The fourth work, the *Magnificat*, has been recorded by two or three other companies, and the performance here has the inevitable differences that distinguish the European from American interpretations. The only other European recording of the work is now nearly seven years old, so the Archive release is technically to be preferred. And compared to the more recent American version, on the Urania label, the Archive's Hamburg group sings with a relaxed precision that the Cantata Singers in the Urania performance did not demonstrate.

One final note. Considering the scarcity of works by Scheidt on records, listeners who are attracted by the above Scheidt record may be interested in a recent Westminster disc which contains motets by him and his contemporaries—Johann Christoph Bach (Johann Sebastian's uncle), Schutz and Praetorius. The quality of this record is indicated by its award of the Grand Prix du Disc last year on its original release in France.

H. C. FRANCIS

Turning New Leaves (1)

► MOST CANADIAN POETS publish books to prove they're alive. Only a poet as fond of cemeteries as Irving Layton would introduce his collected poems by informing us bluntly that the poet who wrote them is really dead. *A Red Carpet for the Sun* is a large monument to a lively corpse: two hundred and ten poems selected from the past seventeen years and arranged in something like chronological order.*

No critic in his senses would try to be original in an obituary. If we are to believe the poems, the poet, and even his reviewers, Layton is a very personal writer; he writes songs of himself, and the self he celebrates is the lover and the poet. "How to dominate reality?" he asks in *The Fertile Muck*, and then answers, "Love is one way, imagination another."

Over the years the lover seems to have got the lion's share of the attention, not without his own co-operation. But if you read Layton's simple-minded public pronouncements and then turn to the poems, you're prob-

ably in for a surprise. On the podium he may announce quaintly and plausibly that sex is enjoyable, but in verse he may write:

Yet now with lust and indignation spent
and even remorse and other troubles
I ask whether by deliberate will I went
or frenzy at a woman's beauty.
And cannot answer.

This poem is called *By Ecstasies Perplexed*. The reader also may be perplexed if, as he goes through *A Red Carpet for the Sun*, he tries to disentangle all the Laytons in love one from the other: the lover as merry sensualist in the classical, Ovidian manner, from the lover as Hebraic sacramentalist in the manner of the Bible, and from the lover as moralist, analyzing his mixed motives in what I can only call the Puritanical manner. Layton is, of course, quite conscious of these conflicting strands within himself, and his later poetry makes particular capital of them, as in *Parting* or *A Roman Jew to Ovid*. One of the loveliest of the later poems is called *Divinity*. Whatever drama there is in this poised and ecstatic song comes from the way the Hebraic-sacramental wins out over the classical-mythological. The poet refuses to call the girl he is addressing as fair as Helen or some exotic heathen goddess; instead, she is "lithe as a Jew peddler. And full of grace." Her touch electrifies him, and his hair flames like a sun-god's. But he isn't Apollo, just as she isn't Helen. He is Moses transfigured by a revelation of divinity. Here is the poem, nearly complete:

Were I a clumsy poet
I'd compare you to Helen;
Ransack the mythologies
Greek, Chinese, and Persian

For a goddess vehement
And slim; one with form as fair.
Yet find none. O, Love, you are
Lithe as a Jew peddler

And full of grace. . . .

Merely to touch you is fire
In my head; my hair becomes
A burning bush. When you speak,
Like Moses I am dumb

With marvelling, or like him
I stutter with pride and fear:
I hold, Love, divinity
In my changed face and hair.

At this point it's only one step from the lover to the poet, perhaps not even that. In fact, Layton always seems to know he's a poet. Now, some people are poets, but rarely write poems designed especially to remind us of the fact. Among living Canadians I think of Pratt, Birney and Scott. Layton is more poetically ingrown than these; the experience that gets into his poems is the experience of a poet right from the start. His public pronouncements don't always make it clear just what this involves. On a TV panel of poets recently, Layton insisted that poetry came from "the raw encounter with experience." After this apparently clear-cut statement, it is something of a shock to turn to the introduction to

*A RED CARPET IN THE SUN: Irving Layton; McClelland and Stewart; cloth \$3.50, paper \$1.95.

Layton's book and find him saying: "all poetry in the final analysis is about poetry itself." But there is really no contradiction. When someone is as persistently "the poet" as Layton is, any really raw encounter with experience is unlikely, or at least irrelevant. In fact, for the Layton who wrote this book, it seems impossible, and, after all, he is the Layton who matters.

The portrait of the poet that emerges from these pages is both familiar and surprising. On the one hand, Layton suggests everyman's portrait of a nineteenth-century poet, a sensitive and alienated soul. He is unabashedly tender-minded, he weeps over wounded animals, he has a tremulous, almost Keatsian or Tennysonian sensibility, he is obsessed by the transience of mortal things, he despises vulgarity and the standards of a money society, he is a hunted animal at bay, ripe for the sacrifice. On the other hand, he lives up to the squat, jutting portraits which decorate the covers of his books. He tries to dominate reality by brute force, by blunt insensitivity, by cruelty and contempt for weakness, by a fiercely antagonistic spirit which sees as his rivals to the throne of the poet-king, not only the world, the flesh and the critics, but even poetry itself. (Like Marianne Moore, he too hates it.) Layton has no hesitation about using the enemy's weapons, fighting cruelty with cruelty, vulgarity with vulgarity, power with power, so that victory itself is a kind of defeat.

This threatened and threatening creature, the poet, is for Layton the most precarious thing in the world today. He exists at all only by a kind of superhuman poise, a miraculous balance. The image of the poet which Layton takes for the motto of this volume is the dancer; it is he who weaves with his feet of fire "a red carpet for the sun." But the poet can never be sure from one moment to the next whether he is going to be able to stand up or not, like the dancer serenader on stilts who cries out in one poem: "Space for these stilts! More space or I fail!" Of course, anybody who spends his time writing parables for poets has to have a good many favorite images for his chief character. Layton is certainly interested in poets who are submerged or swimming or even behaving like a fish out of water. Hence, maybe, his fondness for such ambiguous creatures as frogs and toads. There is a wonderful poem called *Cain* about a dancing frog who gets shot, and the person who shoots him is the poet too. The last few lines are a fine example of Layton's pathos:

When the next morning I came the same way
The frog was on his back, one delicate
Hand on his belly, and his white shirt front
Spotless. He looked as if he might have been
A comic; tapdancer apologizing
For a fall, or an Emcee, his wide grin
Coaxing a laugh from us for an aside
Or perhaps a joke we didn't quite hear.

Most poets regard the threat to the poet as somehow compensated for by the invulnerability of the poem. Layton does not. "Curse all statues," he writes,

that rigid
whether as flesh or angels wings
stand their weight of stone upon the moment:
speak, yet now let all be unpinned again . . .

He is of course familiar with the traditional idea of

the poem as a monument of unaging intellect or a conquest of time—what every Grecian Urn would like to believe. Indeed, one of his poems does tell us in the last line that "Beauty . . . is its own excuse and never dies." But most of the time he knows better. Perhaps one of the consequences of experiencing life as a poet is that life revenges itself on the poems, making them the victims of time just like everything else. The balance of the poem is as precarious as the balance of the poet. In Layton's own words, "Art finally crumbles . . . back into life."

MILTON WILSON

Turning New Leaves (2)

► RECENT STUDIES of his work have tried, with notable success, to extract a steady Camus from the whirl of his own hyperboles and irrelevances. After the efforts of M. Albert Maquet, Mr. Philip Thody, Mlle Germaine Brée and now Mr. John Cruickshank*, we ought to understand with a fair degree of accuracy what goes on behind that worried, high brow of the publicity portraits. His lyricism, his deficiencies, his integrity and his theory of "revolt" have all been considered and weighed, and we are now at the stage of surfeit: summaries of his plots and ideas are beginning to blunt our appetite for the real thing. But one thing we must be thankful for: knowledge of his life (which we get from all the recent studies of him) vivifies and supplements in an extraordinary way what might otherwise have seemed barren conceptualizing. Sainte-Beuve is vindicated in this instance at least.

It is important to know of the Camus who was born near Constantine of working-class parents, the father Alsatian, the mother Spanish. He was brought up by his mother, a cleaning woman; his father was killed in the 1914-18 war. He came under the guidance of two gifted and generous teachers from whom, as from TB, poverty, golden days on Algerian beaches, a cheap trip to Italy, his part in the Resistance and his early intellectual friends in Algiers, he learned immensely. Rejected for military service, he sought other ways of proving himself. Editing *Combat*, falling out with the Communist Party and Sartre, he explored himself without becoming self-engrossed. Gradually he came to realize that life would not be worth living if we could understand it, if it squared with all our ideals: the irritation in the oyster makes the pearl. And, throughout, he lived his life as seriously as only an agnostic can.

His thought has always been intricately ambitious but, perhaps because of his lyrical streak and his impatience with extreme attitudes, seems less coherent in detail than in outline. A search for moderation, for the Greek middle way, has always characterized his much-publicized "positions". His early essays in *L'Envers and l'endroit* (1937) and *Noces* (1939) shuttled between instinctive atheism and physical delight. He learned early that happiness is not easily won by the questing mind: between exultation and despair there is only the realization of the absurd—the lack of correspondence between coherent ideals and incoherent actuality. This disparity,

*ALBERT CAMUS AND THE LITERATURE OF REVOLT: Oxford; pp. 249; \$5.00.

as he pointed out in *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* (1942), can prompt suicide, physical or mental, neither of which is in accord with his view that "the absurd depends as much on man as on the world for its existence". The absurd is irremediable: to this truth men must stoically attend. We tread a "vertiginous ridge" between self-destruction and escapism; and, it is true, the act of "keeping faith with the earth" is a sentimental choice. It must not be allowed to deceive us into being adamantly idealistic. But, as Camus explains in his choosy and occasionally cloudy way, we can "revolt". (Malraux calls this "refusing the universe.") And man has revolted against the absurd in two principal ways: metaphysically and politically. From such perceptions Camus extracts a resolute humanism that seeks a way between romantic self-deceit and revolutionary inhumanity. Neither self-deceit nor murder (to which all political rebellion leads) makes life any more meaningful or more tolerable. Within each individual there is something that the absurd affronts; that is sufficient reason to go on living, although Camus infers no divine intention from it. He is, in fact, nearer to Arnold and Pater than we might have suspected; and he makes many of Malraux's points over again—especially that metaphysical revolt (as an art) is less inhuman than revolutionary politics, for all attempts at political revolt are doomed to corruption. To confront the universe, in whatever way, is an emotional gamble, not a logical step. Such confrontation has to be based on some such concept as the "sunlit thought" with which Camus concludes *L'Homme révolté* (1951). The cultivation of *mesure* entails lowering our sights even at the expense of *mesure* itself. Camus is really talking about knuckling down to it and cutting cloaks according to our cloth.

In explaining (although sometimes, I suspect, over-analyzing the anomalies of) all this, the most involved part of Camus' thought, Mr. Cruickshank has patiently performed an invaluable service. Camus emerges as no more of a philosopher proper than Malraux: both are attractive for the lyricism that rejects positions arrived at logically. Camus, like all French intellectuals, is cerebrally too alert; sometimes he can't see the old problem for the new jargon. But Mr. Cruickshank deftly and rightly fits him into the humanist tradition for having kept hovering between pseudo-philosophy and a strong preference for physical pleasure. A brief biography and full bibliography augment the interpretation and show Camus in his important subsidiary rôles as journalist and actor-producer. In this book we have Camus as cerebral as we are likely to see him; and Mr. Cruickshank, with his pithy epigraphs, is the last word in sympathetic comparison.

Sartre once called Camus "the most complex and the richest, the last and most gifted of the heirs of Chateaubriand and the most scrupulous defender of a social cause." But that was the 1945 Camus, the author of *l'Étranger* newly revealed as editor of the Resistance paper, *Combat*. Sartre eventually knuckled down to the Communist March of History; Camus held aloof; Sartre called him a "reactionary bourgeois"—standard odium unworthy of Sartre's intelligence. And yet, obliquely apart, Sartre is curiously right: Camus does indeed fit as the heir of Chateaubriand. *La Peste* and *L'Homme révolté* seem like postscripts to *Les Martyrs*; and in his intensely colored evocations of Mediterranean pastoral, Camus gives his own version of those earlier romans

personnels—*Atala*, *René*, *Les Natchez*. His emphasis on personal responsibility is a kind of halfway Christianity oddly at variance with his announced hedonism. There were similar contradictions in Chateaubriand.

Another of Sartre's insights is the rebuke that Camus loves humanity but mistrusts individuals. At first sight, nothing could be nobler than the civic doxology which says we should seek neither solitude nor utter solidarity; should be neither maenads nor ascetics, neither men of stone nor mock-gods, but simply "present" to one another and responsible for ourselves. But (again like Chateaubriand) he has a feeble sense of social texture, of the stuff that makes Balzacian novels of manners; of love between individuals in all their eccentricity and groping; of the fact that we fear not death, but the possibilities beyond it. Rapture without hope isn't enough. Neither is the thought that art is the perfectionist's only outlet. The truth is that Camus expects too much of art, too much of politics, and neglects what we rather shyly nowadays call "the soul". He ranges widely, hoping to provide a just framework for our private lives. Outlines, not minutiae interest him; he offers foundations, not superstructures, and ignores what Lionel Trilling has called a culture's "buzz and hum of implication".

Camus' next book, announced as *Le premier homme*, will surely tell us once and for all whether he is incapable of the novel of manners. So far he has written fables and cautionary tales. One wonders whether his "philosophy" is communicable in terms of so much else that is muddled and intricate and intimate and not momentous, out of which our daily lives are made. The title, *Le premier homme*, sounds as generalizing as ever. Chateaubriand's heir is unlikely to become a Balzac or a Flaubert without making serious inroads on his previous habits. Mr. Cruickshank might have suggested some of this. As it is, his splendidly meticulous analysis of Camus' "philosophy" neglects Camus the creative artist. The individual trees distract him from the shape of the wood: an odd and rather unfortunate anthesis to Camus' own position. But Mr. Cruickshank seems unaware of this; and so, on goes the exegesis that sees Camus as philosopher rather than creative writer. He is really neither; but his next "novel" will probably type him in perpetuity.

PAUL WEST

(This review was written before Mr. Camus' death on January 4.)

Books Reviewed

THE DESPERATE PEOPLE: Farley Mowat; Little, Brown; pp. 305, \$5.00.

This book was not written to entertain or amuse and its literary qualities are secondary. It is a sequel to the author's *People of the Deer*, authenticating that story and bringing it up to date. The title, oddly enough, had been previously used by the same author in a magazine article on the same subject.

The book concerns Eskimos in the Arctic Barrens, being that area of Keewatin District located northwest of Churchill. Some fifty years ago traders first appeared, the fur began to fly, and firearms began depleting the herds of caribou. This caused a famine in 1946, another in 1950 with eleven dead, and a general picture of

bungling and indifference on the part of the Canadian government. By 1958 one-eighth of the surviving Eskimos had a history of tuberculosis and three-quarters suffered from chronic malnutrition. The people of this story were moved to a lake to live off a fishing project, which failed. They were then moved to another lake to fish for themselves, and starved. Then comes a trek to the nearest trading post, the story of Kikik who buried her children in snow when she could no longer carry them, the trial of Kikik for same offence, and other incidents already described by Mr. Mowat in *Maclean's*. Finally the remnants are absorbed into a nickel mine and begin a new life. Since this is the only hopeful note in the whole story one does not wish to doubt it, but it may prove that the troubles of these people are not yet over.

This book will shock the reader, anger him, make him wish it wasn't true. With regard to its truth, it is doubtful if anyone could seriously shake Mr. Mowat's evidence; there are few people who know much about this area, and that includes most Arctic experts. And there is no one connected with the North who will not have formed biases for or against Mr. Mowat long before this book appeared. The present reviewer cannot claim impartiality, but neither may others.

In detail, the almost blanket condemnation of the RCMP seems a little harsh—their outlook in other parts of the Arctic was certainly more liberal than as detailed here. However, they are not the only people dealt with somewhat brusquely in this book, and it is pleasing to see that relative newcomers to the North, soldiers, radiomen, prospectors, get a better press from Mr. Mowat than they usually do from the old Arctic hands. The book states that 120 Eskimos are known to have died from starvation in 1950 and 1951; this figure is not substantiated and may lead some official to deny it, "we did not starve 120 people to death, we only starved the twenty for whom Mr. Mowat gives the name and date." Again, he refers to this group as the *Ihalmiut* and some authorities do not accept this as their name, thereby arguing that there are no *Ihalmiut*, so they couldn't possibly have starved. Whatever the case may be, it resembles the theory that the *Odyssey* was not written by Homer but by another Greek of the same name.

Yet this book is unlikely to stir up the same controversy which surrounded *People of the Deer*. For one thing, it is better documented. For another, no one has much to gain by keeping these issues alive, and the days are past when Ottawa could silence unwelcome critics by simply saying it wasn't true and government knew best. And finally, the whole climate in Ottawa has changed and the old empires are giving way to the enlightened policies of the Department of Northern Affairs, however fumbling they may be in application. For which change of climate Mr. Mowat himself is not entirely irresponsible.

In any event, this book may draw attention to the problems of Eskimo integration so that Ottawa's new thinking may extend into the Arctic itself, the tale of starvation come to an end, and no further sequel to this book be necessary.

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A PROPHET IN POLITICS. A BIOGRAPHY OF J. S. WOODSWORTH: Kenneth McNaught; University of Toronto Press; vi, 339; \$5.95.

The tone and form of Canadian politics owe more to James Shaver Woodsworth than to any other man of his time, save only Mackenzie King. Canada is not an easy country to govern, and the leaders of major political parties are unable to avoid resorting to cant and humbug. What begins as a necessity becomes a vice, until the language of politics becomes all humbug. That is why parties help, for they have no vested interest in the accepted clichés of politics. The measure of Woodsworth's greatness was the eloquence and sincerity with which he spoke of the things that were more real and important to him than the bogey of inflation, the sacred doctrines of the balanced budget, and the moral principle of the necessary self-reliance of the poor and the weak. The real issues were that men could not find work, that women and children were undernourished, and that there were endless petty tyrannies against the poor and the protesting. His was a tireless concern for the human dignity of the many: a concern that flowed from Christianity, and which found a response in the hearts of many of his countrymen.

In this sense he was a prophet. His vision was compounded of his own burning awareness of injustice, and of a theory of society which was essentially that of the British socialism of his day—a mixture of the Liberalism of John Stuart Mill and the zeal of Christian socialism. He saw the corruption of the social institutions about him, but his belief in the essential goodness of mankind gave him a faith that there could be a co-operative commonwealth based on justice and equality. But his was not the imperious charisma of the leader whose inner strength is the feeling that he alone has the ear of God. Woodsworth had some of the untouchable qualities of charismatic leadership, but he did not consciously exploit them. They stemmed from his own evident selflessness, which produced a little of awe in his associates. I doubt if any of his political brothers in arms called him by his first name. One thinks of him still as "Mr. Woodsworth".

It is this aloof and almost elusive quality about Woodsworth—the indefinable impression that the man was much more than the sum of his parts—that Professor McNaught has not succeeded in making clear. What he has accomplished makes the book an indispensable account of these times. His account of the Winnipeg General Strike, in which Woodsworth was an important participant, puts it in clear perspective, and he does much to clarify the role of the Progressives in the constitutional crisis of 1925-26.

Perhaps the most important point that the book makes is the clear demonstration that Woodsworth, unlike most of his contemporaries on the left, had a clear understanding of the nature of Canadian party politics as well as the practical ability to create and lead a party. He was not only a skilful party leader. He was also a first-rate parliamentary tactician. He established the CCF tradition that a grasp of the rules of the House of Commons can be a political asset of incalculable value. Above all the form and structure of the CCF bear the marks of his practical political knowledge and historical sense. The CCF had been formed, in Professor McNaught's words, by "a group which had already smashed tradition by acting on the belief that a national

political party could be established by democratic means and could be kept free of the control or influence of private or corporate wealth. The idea of frequent and regular conventions composed of democratically chosen delegates as the real authority in the party, and based upon the federal principle, was North American in its origin, reaching back through Canadian and American history to Grits and Jacksonians." And whatever its ultimate fate, the CCF has left its mark on the Canadian political scene.

So also has Woodsworth. After many struggles with himself he realized that his true vocation did not lie within the church, but outside it. "He was born to teach, and those who insisted in seeing only the preacher in him, in the end, failed in their understanding of him. It remained true, certainly, that he wished always to influence the thought and lives of other men; but the influence was to result from assisting them to discover and understand realities, not by telling them what was or was not so." He was born to teach, and few men have taught Canada more.

J. R. MALLORY

CHATEAUBRIAND: André Maurois; Musson; \$5.50.

During his last visit to Toronto, Monsieur Maurois was much amused by a librarian's story of the borrower who said she had never heard of Chateaubriand but would read anything by André Maurois. The above-mentioned volume is a reprint of the book the lady took home, an English translation first published in 1938. The author vividly presents Chateaubriand's dramatically varied life: childhood and youth in a lonely castle of his native Brittany; a colorful career as royalist soldier, then as traveller in America; his curious seven years' exile in England; his dazzling rise to fame as author; his equally spectacular climb to political power; his startling fall therefrom; his splanetic turning against all monarchical ideas, and then his death amid the final rumblings of the revolution of 1848. Yet in no sense is the book simply a picture of the hero's life and times. Maurois succeeds in suggesting, behind and through the multiple graphic details of his portrayal, the secret and peculiar conflicts of this strange hero who was, at one and the same time, extraordinary genius, able statesman, vain and coquettish egotist. The translator, Vera Fraser, deserves much credit for a translation which catches the unmistakable flavor of Maurois' style, and the helpful index is a great convenience.

Canadian readers must, however, perforce object to a passage in which Chateaubriand, then at Niagara, is depicted, somewhat mockingly, as going off fully-armed to hunt the carcajou. "It is only an inoffensive little beast, not unlike a squirrel," writes M. Maurois, adding "but carcajou . . . The word was satisfying and Chateaubriand worshipped words." In French *carcajou* has two meanings: (1) badger, (2) wolverine. M. Maurois has chosen the former, although the badger, found chiefly on the western plains or in the wilds of Labrador, affords slight interest to an adventure-seeking hunter. Chateaubriand, on the other hand, in *Voyage en Amérique*, distinguishes his *carcajou* as "une espèce de tigre et de grand chat." There can be no doubt about it. The word-worshipper knew more about the word and the animal it here stands for than does his biographer. The carcajou, wolverine or skunk-bear, as it is variously called, one of the weasel breed, weighing 25 to 30 pounds and capable of killing

a full-grown caribou, never refuses battle and often dies fighting. It is still the enemy of the Indian trappers of the North, who claim it is possessed of an evil spirit, the punished soul of a hunter who trapped and killed Nature's children while he was alive. How far more romantic a beast than the quiet little burrow-dwelling badger—and how sensible of Chateaubriand to provide himself with adequate weapons! Maurois' incorrect definition is all the more remarkable in that much information is readily available about this most dangerous animal, including the recent Government Atlas map of its distribution throughout Canada from coast to coast. More serious, however, than M. Maurois' misinformation is his impugning of Chateaubriand's integrity as an artist.

Such an accusation is, of course, in harmony with the half-truth, first advanced by Sainte-Beuve and repeated, with variations and additions, in classrooms ever since, as to Chateaubriand's inaccuracy with regard to geography. "The sparkling beauty that he lent the Mississippi was such as it never knew," is Maurois' claim (p. 51). Both Havinghurst's *Upper Mississippi* (1937) and Carter's *Lower Mississippi* (1942) nevertheless support Chateaubriand's view. The strongly contrasted shores of the Mississippi in *Atala* are ridiculed by academics as "another stylistic device" but have they, asks Hodding Carter (op. cit., p. 5), "seen the Mississippi at Natchez, tawny in the sunset, its river sky of crimson and indigo and gold plummeting from the bluffs (on the eastern shore) to the flat green land beyond its western banks?" It is more than likely that Chateaubriand's inaccuracies, and there are some, could be traced to those literary sources he is known at times to have consulted. When will someone be keen enough to take the trouble to prove this? It is high time that Chateaubriand was reassessed as an artist. As for the suggestion that he could be satisfied with using a word for the sake of its sound alone, that is, of course, patently absurd.

ROBERT FINCH

MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER: Simone de Beauvoir; André Deutsch; \$5.95.

Simone de Beauvoir and Natalie Sarraute have both fallen heir to Colette's title: the greatest living French woman writer. Unlike Colette, both are iconoclasts. But whereas Natalie Sarraute breaks with the past of art, Simone de Beauvoir breaks with the past of life. *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* tells the tale up to the achievement of a complete emancipation.

Judged superficially, this is one more "Look, we have come through" type of book, the sometimes witty, sometimes surprisingly naive, but always readable story of an individual's gradual forsaking of one way of life for another. The casual reader is not unlikely to sympathize with the author's youthful sufferings, take sides with her against her hypocritical relations and friends, deplore the narrowness of her upbringing, approve her increasingly rebellious and eventually triumphant spirit of independence and ultimately admire her success in the career she has chosen.

Such a reader will chiefly remember her lively account of kicking over the traces, how she surreptitiously gave up the Bible for forbidden books, was stupefied to learn abortion is a crime ("because what goes on in one's own body should be one's own concern"), how she finally

rejected as non-existent a God Who did not appear at her summons, went hunting for extraordinary experiences in café, bar and night-club, visited the haunts of vice with their jazz, loose individuals, sexy dancing, bad words, drink and physical intimacies, put a full-stop to parental interference by going out with a married man and, at length, met the person who taught her to seek salvation in literature.

A more careful reader will discover that Simone de Beauvoir's aim in writing her memoirs is not so much in order to paint a period as to point a moral. "Go thou and do likewise—if you can," is the underlying theme. From the first she had been conscious that her vocation lay in using "the intangible force of words" not only for her own benefit but for that of others. Believing in nothing but this existence here and now, she must live as best she could. Obviously the best way was to do what she liked, and what she liked best was writing. Not for success or fame, not for pleasure or amusement (although "the most celebrated women had distinguished themselves in literature"), but because in writing lay both "the guarantee of an immortality which would compensate her for the loss of heaven and eternity" and also the possibility of justifying her existence through service to others, by reason of her quest for "absolute sincerity." A high-minded project, on the realization of which she, who twice refers to her "man's brain," was launched by the first person to whom she had ever "felt intellectually inferior"—Sartre. At last the ideal model was before her. Like her, Sartre was an anti-bourgeois materialist. Like her, he loathed formalities, literary hierarchies, movements. Like her, he knew he had something to tell the world. Unlike her, Sartre knew how to set about doing so and from him she learned the secret. Certain things have to be said, the revealing of truth to society is the writer's one responsibility, the sole justification for writing: therefore, look (material) reality in the face, write what you see and let everything else go by the board.

Such is the program Simone de Beauvoir has followed in presenting her kingdom, which, as she puts it, is definitely of this world, a kingdom to which, it would seem, many are called but few chosen. The few are intellectuals, unusual people, truth-seekers, of whom she had known herself one from the start. "Curious certainty that this reserve of riches that I feel within me will make its mark, that I shall utter words that will be listened to, that this life of mine will be a well-spring from which others will drink: the certainty of a vocation." The many, mediocre, respectable, conformists, numerous indeed, arouse in Simone de Beauvoir compassion but small hope. "I admired the proud isolation of the oak," she says, "I felt sorry for the communal solitude of blades of grass." And again, elsewhere: "I could see . . . the endless waves of grass, each blade identical, each submerged in a miniature jungle that concealed it from all the rest. That unending repetition of ignorance and indifference was a living death. I raised my eyes and looked at the oak tree: it dominated the landscape and there was not another like it. That, I decided, is what I would be like."

Simone de Beauvoir has become the oak she decided to be, her books the acorns from which other intellectual oaks may spring. Giant or dwarf? In either case, their produce will be to that of Simone de Beauvoir as hers

to that of La Mettrie, new variations on a well-known theme.

All of which by no means implies a complete absence of emotion in these memoirs. Simone de Beauvoir may have a man's brain, she has a woman's heart. Not the kind that "pushes a perambulator" ("I found red-faced, wrinkled, milky-eyed babies a great nuisance"), nor the kind that cherishes horse, dog, cat or bird ("I have never liked animals"). A photograph of the author on the back of the book's outer cover shows her clasping two sculptured hands that hold crossed swords, a symbol of the battle of the sexes. That is where the emotion comes in. Alongside the mental fighting there is plenty of such emotional warfare, somewhat lacking, however, in spontaneity and fire. It is as though, given the author's beliefs, one could foresee her feelings as inevitably as she can those of the bourgeois she detests. Who knows? Simone de Beauvoir may appear warm-hearted to intellectuals who share her views; to blades-of-grass readers she will appear just the opposite. That is because, even where affairs of the heart are concerned, her interest is primarily cerebral. It goes without saying that one could scarcely imagine her taking the slightest interest in, for example, child-victims of cerebral palsy.

James Kirkup's highly competent translation is marred by a number of spelling mistakes. Two rarely-used plurals get an airing, as when we are told, with popular zest, that "Madame Mabilie had too many offsprings," or, with pedantic precision, that "he opened his flies." There is a useful index.

ROBERT FINCH

ATLANTIC ANTHOLOGY: Will R. Bird, editor-in-chief; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 310; \$6.00.

The provincial anthology is attaining an accepted place in Canadian letters. Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia have all been celebrated in anthologies of prose and verse, and, now, the Atlantic provinces. The pattern of each anthology has attempted to achieve a portrait of the province it hymns—not boldly stated and arbitrarily limned, but rather suggested by the recreation of a unique history from excerpts of past records, by chronological or schematic placement of the articles within a particular framework, and, most subtly, by the composite image built in the reader's mind and drawn from the convergence of implication in story, poem, historical fragment and illustration. This is not an easy concept; still less, an easy task, and each attempt has met with varying success. *Alberta Golden Jubilee*, the simplest of the four in editorial purpose and finished form, develops chronologically, and somewhat unimaginatively, the emergence of the province; *Saskatchewan Harvest* adds another dimension, a depth perception by more careful weighting of material and the inclusion of articles to illustrate how the land and its people have been perceived and realized by the creative writer, the poet and the visionary. *British Columbia: a Centennial Anthology* is the most dynamic in its editorial approach and brings the subtleties in the deliberate juxtaposition of article, word and idea to bear in fully realizing its image of the province.

Atlantic Anthology has a special problem in creating its image and projecting its provinces. It has four regions to represent; each distinct politically, and separate in tradition, custom, myth and folk-lore. Yet these four regions are part, and indivisibly part, of one complex,

the Maritime provinces of Canada. Will Bird, editor-in-chief, had the difficult task of presenting each of the regions in its distinctness without destroying the vision of the whole. If he had attempted such a tenuous projection as did Dr. Watters in *British Columbia*, the dimensions of the Maritimes as a unit would have been lost in the delineations of the parts. He chose the wiser course of presenting the four provinces historically within the framework of an interpretative scheme that fitted the larger concept: the beginnings, the unrest of the eighteenth century, the glory and achievement of the nineteenth, the uncertainties of the twentieth. He has further simplified the complexity of the anthology by editorial comments that contain and expound the impressions he intends the selections to consolidate. By these means, and in accord with Mr. Bird's own historical interest, the *Atlantic Anthology* presents the most rounded picture, historically, of its provinces achieved by any of the anthologies. If it loses by comparison with *British Columbia* in subtlety and richness of detail, it gains by the completeness of its historic portrayal.

From its first, unequivocal statement—"the Atlantic provinces are the beginning of Canada"—that sets the proper relationship of Canada to the Maritimes, to the last, small poem with its finishing word "home", the anthology unfolds its historical intent. Letters patent, Haie's account of Gilbert's voyage which "forsooke the coast of England" for "Newfound land", Champlain's settling of Port Royal and the founding of the "Order of good cheer" and other factual accounts of local events and personages give the book somewhat the dry and astringent air of a source book in Maritime history.

Creative writing has been slighted. There are but nine stories, including a chapter from Haliburton's *The Clockmaker* and one from Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*. Fiction can bring another dimension to such an anthology, an emotional insight, and it is a pity that no more is included. Ernest Buckler's *David leaves home*, for example, makes most poignant and expresses most completely the Nova Scotian's reserve, his locked-in emotion, and inability to reveal his inner needs. On the same level of expressiveness and realization is Will Bird's own tale of four fishermen from Granny's Cove who risk their lives among the ice floes to see the "movin' pictures over't Gull Point"; not in bravado, but in simplicity and easy, unstrained acceptance of the dangers their land imposes as the price of life upon its rocky shores.

Another aspect of the folk-life of the Maritimes but lightly touched upon, is the legend and mythology of the land. There are pieces on the Newfoundland dog and its legendary exploits, on the Nova Scotian giantess, Anna Swan, on the phantom bell ringers who sounded the doom of the *Fairy Queen*, and on Oak Island with its mysterious shaft and drains guarding a never-to-be-found treasure. But these are small samplings of a particularly rich mine of myth and folk-lore, and of tribal ways among the Maritimers.

The inclusion of poetry—Carman, Roberts and Pratt among others—does much to lighten the rather heavy predominance of factual material, but the *Atlantic Anthology* remains an historical account of a land and its people. Well done as it is within its restricted scheme, it presents only the narrow edge, not the rounded face, of the Maritimes.

JOAN SELBY

MY PHILOSOPHICAL DEVELOPMENT: Bertrand Russell; Nelson; pp. 279; \$4.00.

Bertrand Russell's philosophical life has been a quest for certain knowledge. His constant preoccupation has been: Can we know anything for sure? If so, *what* can we know for sure? As a young man he tried to discover a philosophical defence for religious belief. When he gave that up as a bad job, he sought for impersonal objective truth in science and mathematics. All his life he has looked for some truth that was more than human, independent of the minds of men, and even of the existence of men.

Early in this book he outlines his present view of the world—a view made of a synthesis of physics, psychology, and mathematical logic. Then in detail he explains how he got that way. First came his excursion into idealism; then his rejection of Kant and Hegel and his revolt into pluralism under the influence of G. E. Moore; then the studies for ten years (1900-10) with Whitehead that resulted in the publication of *Principia Mathematica*. After that came the impact of Wittgenstein and Russell's phase of logical atomism. Subsequently he studied animal psychology, rejected pragmatism as theoretically mistaken and socially disastrous, examined the philosophical basis of language, and speculated on what he calls non-demonstrative inferences. His working conclusion is that a candid mind must accept the facts of sense and the broad generalizations of science as philosophical data since "though their truth is not quite certain, it has a higher degree of probability than anything likely to be achieved in philosophical speculation."

About 200 pages of the book are given to the tracing of this philosophical pilgrimage. Another 40 pages are replies to criticisms of his current position, and the last 20 pages are by the late Alan Wood, author of a book on Russell called *The Passionate Sceptic*. These 20 pages are all that Wood completed of what was to have been a careful examination of Russell's development as a thinker.

My Philosophical Development is a tough book for the common reader, although it has all of Russell's usual clarity of style and some flashes of his wit, as for example where he speaks of "that philosophic profundity of which obscurity is the most easily recognizable feature" or of "one of those views which are so absurd that only very learned men could possibly adopt them." The funniest passage is his development of the idea that animals always behave in a manner showing the rightness of the philosophy held by the man who observes them: "Throughout the reign of Queen Victoria all apes were virtuous monogamists, but during the dissolute twenties their morals underwent a disastrous deterioration . . . Animals observed by Americans rush about frantically until they hit upon the solution by chance. Animals observed by Germans sit still and scratch their heads until they evolve the solution out of their inner consciousness . . ." But mostly he is explaining how he reached the ideas to be found in books like *The Principles of Mathematics* and *Our Knowledge of the External World*. In this rarified atmosphere the layman gasps for breath. The philosopher will find *My Philosophical Development* of first-rate importance; the layman had better stick to Russell's *The Problems of Philosophy* (with much of which, incidentally, he says he still agrees!).

CARLYLE KING

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK THEATRE:

Peter D. Arnott; Macmillan; pp. xvi, 240; \$4.25.

Mr. Arnott states the scope and purpose of his work in his preface. Addressing himself particularly to the readers of Greek drama in translation, he tells us that his book "... attempts to give, within a small compass, an account of the background of the plays—their origin, composition, setting and audience. Four plays, each representative of a class, have been selected for individual study. A chapter on Roman comedy has also been included..." (p. xi).

In addition to this material, Mr. Arnott has also added two pleasantly informal chapters at the end of his book, one on the problems of translation, and another, entitled "Ancient and Modern," which deals mainly with certain recent productions of Greek drama and (in somewhat cursory fashion) with a few modern adaptations of the myths of Greek tragedy. The book concludes with a useful, though again somewhat brief, appendix entitled "Some Notes on Production."

The merits of such a book as this are difficult to assess. On the one hand, the reviewer is bound to be startled by bald statements and oversimplification of matters which he knows to be the subject of much controversy. On the other hand, he is aware that many criticisms which occur to him may well be met with the rebuttal, "Yes—but these are matters for the specialist; your reader-in-translation wants a simplified approach: a bit of the necessary 'background' and straightforward presentations of a few of the best-known works." One's reaction to this book, then, will depend to some extent on one's estimation of the general intelligence and curiosity of the "reader-in-translation." I, for one, would set both rather higher than Mr. Arnott seems prepared to do. It is clear from the style and general competence of the book, as well as from a few of its more detailed passages, that Mr. Arnott could have told us much more about several of his topics, had he deemed it wise, in the circumstances, to do so.

This tendency toward oversimplification is not equally apparent in all the chapters. The account (in chapters I and III) of the conventions of the Greek Theatre and of the physical and spectacular aspects of its productions is clear and sufficiently detailed for the author's purposes; it contains, moreover, several acute and interesting observations concerning the attitude to the dramatic art which lay behind the "theatre of convention" which the Greeks evolved. The chapter on "The Origins and Structure of the Plays," on the other hand, is less successful. It is admittedly difficult to discuss the first of these problems in terms which may be grasped by the general reader. This difficulty results, in the present instance, in the reduction of a number of different theories concerning the origin of Greek Tragedy to one rather vague synthesis, and in the mere enumeration of various formative elements in the development of Comedy, with little attempt to distinguish between them, or to indicate the different ways in which they affected the finished product. In both cases, the element of religious ritual in the gestation period of Greek drama is inadequately developed, though it is true that "the ritualistic approach" has gone out of fashion in contemporary scholarship on the problem, partly as a result of the excessive claims made for it by a previous generation of scholars. However, my main criticism of this chapter is that it fails to give an adequate account of

the formal, structural aspects of Greek drama, and particularly of Greek comedy, largely because, despite the chapter's title, little attempt is made to relate formal peculiarities to the problem of origins. Had we more preparation here concerning the "lyric-dramatic" functions of the chorus in early Greek tragedy, we would be better able to appreciate the author's later quotations of the chorus in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*; and had we more explanation here concerning the structural oddities of Greek comedy, we would be more ready to understand (and perhaps to qualify) Mr. Arnott's subsequent criticisms of the plot of Aristophanes' *Birds* as "loose and episodic, a mixture of traditional elements and new material" (p. 154). (Even there, all we are told is, "We must not expect a well-made play." Why not, indeed? All we need not expect is "a play well-made by modern criteria.")

In his discussions of Aeschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes, Mr. Arnott provides us with a general introduction to each dramatist, a brief summary of several of their better known plays, and, at the end of each chapter, a more detailed analysis of a single play—the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Birds* of Aristophanes. (Sophocles is omitted entirely—one can only guess why—whereas in the case of Euripides, a separate chapter is added on the *Cyclops*, since it is the only example of a satyr-play which we possess.)

The introductory material, descriptions of the typical themes and the cultural climate of each of the dramatists concerned is, on the whole, well handled. It is in his brief accounts of individual plays that Mr. Arnott's treatment is most open to criticism: sometimes (as in the description of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*) these are too summary to give any idea at all of the meaning or the dramatic power of the play; sometimes (as in the account of certain plays of Euripides) they are downright misleading. The *Bacchae* and the *Hippolytus*, for example, are treated simply as tales of divine revenge, so exaggerated as to emphasize the immorality and the cruelty of the gods of traditional Greek mythology. Never does the critic suggest in what way these plays may also be regarded as human tragedies of Pentheus and Hippolytus; indeed, by his account, it is hard to see how they could be regarded as tragedies at all.

Nevertheless, one feels that such shortcomings (if shortcomings they be) are due, at least in part, to the author's attempt to reduce tremendous themes to a few lines of comment, for they are much less marked in his more detailed treatment of a few selected plays. Here, Mr. Arnott relies largely on translation and skilful paraphrase of key passages, supplemented by judicious asides indicating their context and the particular dramatic point which they seek to make. Thanks largely to the excellence of Mr. Arnott's translations (which are among the best features of the book), this method proves an effective instrument for imparting the tone and dramatic effect of a play with a fair degree of immediacy. It comes off best, perhaps, in the author's vivid treatment of the lighter plays, such as Aristophanes' *Birds* and Euripides' satyr-play, the *Cyclops*. In the case of the *Agamemnon* one feels that, effective as Mr. Arnott's treatment is, a somewhat more analytical technique is required to suggest the full significance of the choral lyrics in relation to the action presented on the stage.

The chapter on Roman comedy contains a clear and

well-written account of this highly derivative *genre* and of its intimate relations with Greek new comedy, a brief contrast between the themes and techniques of Plautus and Terence, and an excellent, light-hearted summary of Plautus' *Menaechmi*, the Roman comedy which is perhaps the best known to English readers.

Admirers of Mr. Arnott's own renderings of various passages of Greek drama will find the author's observations on the "problems of translation" interesting and instructive. There are, however, some glaring omissions in the selection (an invidious business at best) of translations which are recommended, with various qualifications, to the Greekless reader. The list does not pretend to be complete, but, even so, one is surprised to find no reference to several translations which have appeared recently in America, most notably those of Richmond Lattimore, David Grene and their associates; these have been appearing in series since 1953 and have now been collected in a single edition (*The Complete Greek Tragedies*, edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore, University of Chicago Press, 1959).

The great danger of introducing a complex subject to the "non-specialist" is that of talking down to one's audience: in this case, of assuming that because the reader knows no Greek, he knows little enough of literary matters in general and must be fed a bland and somewhat pre-digested fare. However, Greekless readers who take the trouble to study Greek drama in translation are usually people of considerable literary training and discernment. It is with this thought in mind that I have ventured to include some criticisms of Mr. Arnott's pleasant and readable little book which might otherwise appear inapplicable to an introductory study of his subject.

D. J. CONACHER

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY, the story of an American Bookshop in Paris: Sylvia Beach; Longman's, Green; pp. 219; \$5.25.

With the arrival of James Joyce in Miss Beach's account of her life in the Paris bookshop, which occurs in chapter five of the book, and in the year, 1920, this story takes on a dimension of importance for all bibliophiles. Sylvia Beach undertook the publication of *Ulysses* when no publisher in Europe would venture on it, she spent her money, her energy, and her time unstintingly to do so, and finally she seems to have been misunderstood by the Joyce family. Nevertheless she lets no bitterness creep in.

Every American writer of importance with the possible exception of Robert Frost (who was probably building fences) seems to have been in Paris during the 1920s and this book is in part a collection of sketches of them. But *Ulysses* and his creator tower over them all. Hemingway was a special favorite at the bookshop and it is fun to read of Hemingway and friend bootlegging copies of *Ulysses* across the border at Niagara in 1922 from an office which the rescuers had rented in Toronto "since there was no ban on *Ulysses* in Canada." Sie transit gloria, etc! Miss Beach remarks that they must have looked like a couple of paternity cases and that "if Joyce had foreseen all these difficulties, maybe he would have written a smaller book." The first copies were being confiscated at the Port of New York at this time, and in England of course they were being burned.

As well as Who's Who of American letters between

the two wars, Miss Beach gives us here her detailed story of Joyce's life during the launching of *Ulysses* and does so with modesty and humility. As she says, she was the midwife. Her glimpses of Gertrude Stein, the French poets, Gide, Pound, Fitzgerald and the rest are very brief personal impressions, and she makes no pretense of profound understanding of her literary heroes.

The manner is simple, the matter fascinating. There are many photographs and an index.

H.T.K.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL: THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES: Hesketh Pearson; William Heinemann; viii; 390; \$4.50.

This is a tandem biography of two most interesting people. The biographer of this pair is fortunate in the age difference which allows him to move from the interesting youth of one to the more interesting youth of the next. While Dr. Pearson is rarely diverted by the greater eighteenth-century scene through which his figures move, he does not miss the closer scene, and particularly in its dramatic and comic moments. He is good with actors, and we are prompted to recall that it was an actor named Love who suggested to Boswell that he keep a journal. Mr. Pearson is most engaging in observing heavy and tiresome scenes, as when Boswell becomes opiate to Voltaire, or when the brewer Thrale is swamping the company. Mr. Pearson's Thrale becomes a superb comic figure, in family scenes which were obviously central to Johnson's emotions. Mr. Pearson has much dramatic material to draw upon, for the warmth of friendship between Johnson and Boswell was such as to encourage a dramatic excess in each other's company. The warmth did not always radiate, and part of the advantage in handling this pair together is in seeing the way in which each managed to help the other lose friendships, by insult or by undercut, as the journey of life went on.

In approaching Johnson, Mr. Pearson is inclined to deplore or to ignore the inner agony, to which some of us have perhaps been too much attracted. His salty maturity may be useful here. He is most attentive to the outer voice of Johnson, which he presents with affectionate emphasis in its range from bluntness to grandeur. Where he perhaps most varies the Johnson portrait is in the direction of coarseness. Worn furniture and coffin-battered walls make most unclassical settings for Johnson's grosser motivations. Mr. Pearson is obviously and understandably concerned (as was the offending Johnson himself) about that coarseness which so closely attends English civilization. In the provincial scenes, which are given fresh emphasis in this story, the biographer's discomforts are often displaced by the affections.

With his Boswell, while the spectacle flourishes, the understanding is on the whole less instructive. Mr. Pearson's civil and restricted attitudes are again in force. He particularly deplores the religious incubus which induced the Boswellian depression and the Boswellian dissipation calculated to relieve that depression. I suspect that we are happier (and possibly even more informed) if we push our way through and across Boswell's convulsive misdoings and undoings with the hopeful understanding that we are probably dealing with a religious and creative consciousness. Biography seems still to be afraid of the poet Boswell, even though the papers now richly present us with this person. I

particularly enjoyed Mr. Pearson's attention to those ceremonial moments in Boswell's life, when he took his deep bows to time and the mysteries, often in favored, if infrequent, circumstances of loneliness and isolation. Without a rather full sympathy for such moods, the biographer of Boswell is not apt now to make the best discoveries.

KENNETH MACLEAN

NATURE AND MAN'S FATE: Garrett Hardin; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 346; \$6.95.

Nature and Man's Fate is one of the liveliest books of its kind published in this decade. The author is a professor of biology at the University of California. His aim in this book is to draw for the layman ethically significant conclusions from the scientific data which surrounds the theory of evolution; conclusions and suggestions which should influence the thinking of every reader, and which, if applied within the contexts of family life, community life, and political life, could provide a solution to what is undoubtedly the most crucial problem of our day, the problem of survival.

The theory of evolution has had a stormy past. Hardin describes this past beginning with its first conception in Darwinian terms, and ending with its present modified form. During recent years, many contributions have been made by geneticists to fill the gaps inherent in the early formulation of the theory. The causes and effects of mutations, for example, are discussed and one of the driving forces behind the evolutionary process is understood in relationship with the natural process of struggle and survival. The author believes that we are now in a position to examine the more refined biological theories from an ethical standpoint and from this, achieve a more comprehensive perspective. Indeed, he believes that it is essential for our well-being, possibly our very survival, to examine significant ethical implications.

One of the most important conclusions reached in this book is that the struggle for existence cannot be escaped. Every human activity (with the possible exception of some forms of play) involves competition. We can never eliminate from human nature the desire to compete, but since man is still, to some extent, master of his fate, he can at least change the rules of the game and hence the final play-off. Attitudes directly influencing family life must be re-examined. Irrational superstitions regarding heredity, artificial insemination, adoption, and birth control must be recognized as nothing more than groundless prejudices. We must face objectively the dangers resulting from bringing defective children into society, dangers which might have been prevented with more knowledge and more genuine altruism.

In the wider field of community and political life we must re-examine our notions about the equality of human beings, equality in any sense of the term. We are mistaken if we assume that "equalitarianism" implies human freedom or even leads to it. All men are by nature unequal. They are unequal with regard to their inherited capacities. They are unequal with regard to environmental influences. Real freedom comes through the realization that this inequality is both natural and inevitable. The history of science has shown us that new truths have started as heresies, inspirations of geniuses. We cannot produce heretics or geniuses at will, but at least we can make the social environment such that their appearance and maintenance are encour-

aged. We must look for novelty and rebel against the easy, protected and comfortable life of conformity.

By taking thought, we can elect the kind of competition which we will employ in our personal and public lives. This does not mean the elimination of classes, as Marx suggested. If this were achieved it would simply mean a redirecting of competition in a dog-eat-dog type of society. The author suggests rather competition in a non-economic and non-militaristic context.

The importance of the immediate problem is beyond question. This book places before us the dangers involved in the already present radioactivity within our environment. Genetic damage has occurred and it will increase. It cannot be undone. It is cumulative. We cannot go back, only forward or stop. The author suggests the latter alternative.

The biological problems cited and explained in this book emerge directly into sociological problems. The solution to these must be found and employed. It is the task of ethics to examine the goals which will be most conducive to the well-being of the world's rapidly increasing population. One plausible means of achieving this goal is suggested in *Nature and Man's Fate*. Whether the reader agrees with this solution is relatively unimportant. The author's aim will be realized if each of his readers will give it his serious consideration.

(One curious error should be corrected. McGill University is in Montreal, not Toronto. See page 63.)

HELEN HARDY.

THE SUNKEN CITY, and other Tales from around the World: James McNeill illustrated by Theo Dimson; Oxford; pp. 159; \$3.00.

If by chance the children of *Forum* readers missed this collection of folktales in their Christmas stockings, a birthday is sure to come along. It is one of the most enchanting collections for many years, and the decorations by the young Toronto artist Theo Dimson are as distinguished as is the telling of the folk tales. The Irish story, *The Land Ship*, full of robust fun and any amount of allegory is a great favorite with a nine year old reader I know, and *The Magic Fife* (Poland) has held much younger listeners spellbound. There are fifteen stories from as many countries. This can be recommended unreservedly to all parents book hunting for the young.

H.T.K.

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

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